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NEWSPAPER

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Consumer Orientation
No. 18 in a Series
Subject: Model Updating.
Keeping the 911
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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Spring Fervor

Come with me and we will hear Ronald Reagan address the annual convention of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. It is a dreamy day; Washington's spring is incomparable. Brigades of red tulips deploy around the equestrian statues in Lafayette Park and present arms as we pass. Over there is the White House. As we approach the great hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution, there are dogwood trees, pink and white, and azaleas. It is as though a five-year-old had taken a brush full of pink ink and splashed it along the hedges.

Now we are inside the vast DAR hall with cavernous ceilings, where the Chamber is meeting. Every seat is filled. The Marine Band bangs out spirited marches on the stage wearing uniforms as gaudy as the tulips. Old memories come back. I remember FDR's provocative grin as he addressed the annual D.A.R convention as "Fellow immigrants!" How funny it was, and how it rankled. Washington was half segregated in those days. Marian Anderson was supposed to sing here in April 1939. She had a wonderful voice, but she was black, and they wouldn't let her. Later she sang "The Star Spangled Banner" outside. Times have changed; they have gotten better in many ways.

President Reagan arrives amid fanfares and trumpets, and he delivers his half-hour inspirational speech, the kind General Electric used to hire him to give. His voice is rich and warm and winning and the audience loves it and applauds twenty-seven times (nearly every paragraph). It only makes page A-16 of the *New York Times* the next day, and only that part where he exhorts businessmen to attempt voluntarism and reduce interest costs. I will give you some excerpts. The Chamber is the only thing that "has grown faster than the federal government" (laughter, cheers). "True wealth comes from the heart" (appreciative murmur). "Competitive enterprise is still the most revolutionary idea in the world today; it is also the most successful" (happy response). "We cannot go back to the glory days of big, never-mind-the-cost, government" (applause). "The best view of that kind of government is in a rear-view mirror as we leave it behind" (more applause and laughter).

I won't go on. He warms the audience up. It is beautifully done, an earnest, fervent, low-keyed delivery with a touch of humor. When the audience shouts approval to three rhetorical questions he puts to them one after another, he gives a homespun grin and says, "You get an A Plus!" Everybody laughs.

The country is in a bad recession with 9 percent unemployed, but nobody blames business. That wasn't the way it was in 1929, after the Great Crash. Business had been on a pedestal until then, but lost its sacred character with the doomed Hoover, and FDR moved government from Wall Street to Washington. The fall of business prestige marked one of America's great social changes. Today it is different. Business isn't being chastised. General Motors and Ford and Chrysler didn't catch the lesson of the small-car imports from Europe and Japan until it was too late. Their response was to fire workers. It was the reviled government that bailed out Chrysler and Lockheed. Congress decided to assume the risks of the huge Alaska trans-Canada natural gas pipeline. Business didn't object; it loved it. If banks begin to fail, Washington will intervene again. That isn't what Reagan tells the Chamber. The societies that achieve "the most spectacular progress in the shortest period of time," he says, "are not the most tightly controlled, the biggest in size, or the wealthiest in material resources. They are the societies that reward initiative and believe in the magic of the marketplace."

A new book, *Minding America's Business: The Decline and Rise of the American Economy*, has just been published by Ira C. Magaziner and Robert C. Reich. They argue that Japan is taking away trade from the U.S. in computers, electronics, automobiles, and the like because Japanese big business and Japanese big government are all mixed up. Other countries, too, are going in for economic planning and for government-coordinated industrial policies. Here is economist Lester C. Thurow's comment on the study in the *New York Review of Books*: "In per capita GNP, the U.S. is now tied for 10th place among industrial countries, after Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Iceland, Norway, Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands. The French are tied with us and the Japanese rapidly pulling up behind us. German workers have twice as many paid holidays and vacations as American workers." He throws in other figures. For example, America ranks 18th in infant mortality. Life expectancy could be higher. He says that America's problem is often attributed to too much government, but that actually "the United States is becoming poor relative to the rest of the industrial world because it needs more coordination and planning. The U.S. is the only industrial country in the world that has had no growth in productivity in the past four years. Too much government is the Reagan Administration's answer, but this argument runs into problems. However you measure government intervention, our foreign competitors have more of it than we do." No, he says, it's not government interference—"the problem with American business is American business."

Well, maybe so, but I go back to the hypnotic rhythm of the speaker who likes simple solutions as much he dislikes big government: "I believe standing up for America also means standing up for the God who has so blessed this land," he tells us (applause). "We have strayed so far; it may be later than we think. There is a hunger in our land to see traditional values reflected in public policy again." Those who cite the First Amendment as reason "for excluding God from more and more of our institutions and everyday life," he says, "should know that the Amendment was designed to protect religious values from government tyranny and not the other way around."

The audience rises applauding and he leaves, smiling and beaming to everybody. He has done it again. He hasn't an enemy in the place. The question is, how does he do it? I walk briskly through the mellow city full of bloom and bird song.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MAY 12, 1982

BRAVE RETREAT

The Star of David no longer flies over the Sinai, and Yamit is buried in the sands. The peace between Egypt and Israel is complete. It is the moment of truth.

The full significance of Israel's withdrawal from the Sinai must be understood. A nation has taken down its own defenses. It has done so against all the evidence of its experience. Such an action is not easy, and the Israelis have shown great political and psychological courage. The return of the Sinai could not have been accomplished without a great struggle in their souls, without a great debate in their wildly democratic society. (Modern politics does not know a more contentious democracy.) April 26 was one of the most glorious days in the history of Zionism; but the glory is in the faith in peace. The fruits of peace remain to be seen. Israel's faith, however, is plain to see, and deserves the admiration of the world. Few countries, even ones vastly less imperiled, have so quickly relinquished lands won with the blood of their soldiers.

The return of the Sinai has proved that Israel believes in these propositions: that peace is the highest good and the highest form of security; that political means are preferable to military means in the pursuit of peace; that history is not fate, that it can be changed, that men are not imprisoned in the patterns of the past; that victory is not the reason for being of a nation, nor territory the reason for being of a state; that sacrifices must be made, and risks must be taken, if hatred is to be healed. The struggle for survival, in other words, has not drained Israel's spirit. Israel is not afraid of war and it is not afraid of peace. It has been tested, and it has passed the test. For decades the agencies of Zionism and the government of Israel have said that they desired to live in peace with their neighbors, and last week they were shown to have been sincere. They meant what they said, and if they fought, it was because they had to fight. These are the historical truths that were established by the ceremony in the desert.

It is true that Israel has exchanged strategic depth, oil, air bases, settlements, and psychological space (important for a claustrophobic jurisdiction, hemmed in and tiny) for a piece of paper. But what a piece of paper! All its life the Jewish state had dreamed of such a document. Yet after four wars its government still considers it an even exchange. That, too, is unusual: this is not the first time, after all, that Israel has left the Sinai with assurances that the territory will not again be used as a hostile base; it *is* the first time that Israel is leaving in the belief that it will probably not have to return. As of last week Israel will rely for safety on its borders to the southwest not only upon its ability to defend itself, but upon the absence of a will to attack it. It will base its policy on a promise, the promise of its enemy that it is no longer an enemy. There are some in Israel who argue that this is not enough. There are grounds for their misgivings, ample grounds, not the least being the self-fulfilling prognostications of interlocutors and commentators that Egypt is bound soon to rejoin the "rejectionist" Arab camp. In any case, the habits of hostility die hard, and the peace so far has not progressed as far as Israel would have liked. Still, the majority of Israelis could not have let slip this chance and lived with themselves. They, like the founders of Zionism, thirst for the normal condition of nations. They want to believe. Sadat said the magic words, and Mubarak after him; and before these words, before these clauses and subclauses (they incarnate high hopes of generations), the Israelis are helpless. It is a bet, they know, but they have made it.

The completion of the withdrawal from the Sinai marks an end, in the south, to the post-1967 period in Israel's history. The Israelis have resisted the seductions of their army's stunning success. The Six-Day War left in its wake dangerous illusions about Israel's position. In some quarters a feeling of euphoria persisted, a feeling that after 1967 Israel had all the security it needed, and all the strength. Came the offer of something more, however, and the illusions were

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dispelled. The eagerness with which Prime Minister Begin and the Israelis greeted the prospect of a treaty and the scrupulousness with which they have carried it out indicate that they never really mistook military strength for political strength. They knew exactly what was won in 1967 and what was not. They knew, moreover, that ultimately they had to be strong not for the sake of a war but for the sake of a peace—what David Ben-Gurion had foreseen long ago. All this amounts to a remarkably mature attitude toward power. This has escaped Israel's critics. They cry that Israel is intent upon dominating the region with its armed forces, and they point primarily to the Six-Day War, a war forced upon it. But last week Israel undid what its armed forces had done. The real historical meaning of the Six-Day War was revealed, which is that it provided Israel with something it could trade for peace that was not itself.

OF COURSE the glory is Egypt's, too. It, too, was tested, and it, too, passed the test. Sadat's vision, and the determination of Mubarak to fulfill it, should stir the hearts of men and women everywhere. The Egyptians broke with their own bellicose brethren to make peace. They bore a lot of pain for their principles. For this they were bountifully rewarded—with territory, with oil, with an American alliance, with an opportunity at last to focus on the crushing burdens of poverty, overpopulation, and desert encroachment, and, above all, with the lives of their sons. Now Mubarak will be expected to do something about Egypt's anomalous position in the Arab world. The pressure on the peace will be extraordinary. The Palestinians and their patrons will do what they can to wreck it. We do not believe that Mubarak will imperil the peace, because it has a basis in the popular feeling of his people; last Sunday Mubarak called it their "general will." Yet the fact cannot be ignored that there are powerful forces in Egyptian society—and not only religious forces—working against the accord. The normalization of relations between the countries has proceeded at a discouragingly slow pace, which suggests that Egypt is far from comfortable with the change. The political culture of Egypt has not yet digested the idea of community with the Jewish state. Israel, then, must be vigilant. The new reality is fragile, and it must be closely watched. We shudder to think of the political and spiritual consequences if this peace should fail.

There are many who would like to see it fail. A dominant portion of the organized left, for one example; the oil companies, for another. They contend that Camp David sold out the Palestinians, who are a people with the right to determine their destiny. But the Israelis also are a people, and the Egyptians, too, and these two peoples have recently redetermined their destiny. The oil companies simply obey their paymasters; but the left has higher pretentions. Much of it will for a long time be tainted by its lack of enthusiasm, by the selectivity of its conscience, by the political and ideological dogmatism that leads it to declare the sufferings of some peoples more pressing than the sufferings of others. In the matter of Camp David, the left has permanently compromised itself. It has reserved its greatest sympathies for the opponents of peace. But it is not precisely peace that the left wants; it is a certain regional order (which is to say, for the indefinite future, a certain regional disorder) and then a certain world order—and never mind who pays, as long as they are not Palestinians. We understand that there is a Palestinian problem. This week, however, we have nothing to say about it. The main event, the model for a moral politics in the Middle East, is elsewhere. The left, and its Palestinian heroes, would do well to attend to that event, which establishes that Israel will negotiate with anybody who comes only to negotiate, who has stopped lying about its existence and is willing instead to live with it. The evidence of their senses would instruct them more about the possibilities for reconciliation in the region than all their slogans; but they, the Palestinians and their friends, prefer the exhilarations of extremism—and of failure. For a dozen years after 1967 they refused to talk about territorial compromise. Since then, they have refused even to explore what autonomy might mean, refused even to try to push Begin on autonomy. The Arabs of the West Bank are, then, victims primarily of their self-appointed leaders in Beirut and of their callous comrades in other world capitals.

THIS IS THE moment of truth for the United States as well. The peace will not live long if the United States does not stick with it, as Jimmy Carter, one of its architects, has understood from the beginning. The United States does not have a good record in this regard; it countenanced Egyptian violations of armistices and cease-fires in the Sinai before: with reference to free navigation and demilitarization after Israel's two previous withdrawals, in 1949 and 1957; in pretending that Cairo had not, with the indispensable connivance of Moscow, moved SAM-3 missiles across the standstill lines provided for by the agreement ending "the war of attrition" in 1970. These missiles were the cover under which Egyptian armies crossed the Suez Canal in the October War of 1973. The Israelis will never again permit any such violations; but, for the peace, the U.S., as the spearhead of the multinational force in the Sinai, must prevent these from happening in the first place. The Reagan Administration, furthermore, is already playing a dangerous game. It is entertaining ideas about an illusory comprehensive settlement, ideas that will only undermine the confidence of Israel and Egypt. These ideas come in the form of the Fahd plan (the reports of its death were

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE FREEZE BANDWAGON

To the editors:
So, Dr. Strangelove is alive, not well, and living at THE NEW REPUBLIC. First he warns, "If one side begins to lose its capacity to deliver a second strike, the other side might be tempted in a crisis to strike first. But even more dangerous is the temptation on the side with the diminished retaliatory capacity to launch a preemptive first strike in a crisis before it is too late" ("Unfreeze Arms Control," TNR, April 14). Then he observes in the next paragraph, "The halt-in-place is a threat to stability because it will ultimately jeopardize the survivability of America's retaliatory capacity." Thus, the greatest danger in an arms freeze is that America will be tempted to launch a first strike.

BRUCE KALLICK
Winnetka, Illinois

To the editors:
Your editorial "Unfreeze Arms Control" misses the point the nuclear freeze resolutions are trying to make. The freeze proposals are not meant to be negotiating documents. One can find much to disagree with in the specific language of all the resolutions. But the debate over which "freeze" is the best freeze is largely irrelevant.

The one thing all the freeze resolutions have in common is that they are reactions to profound fears among the American public that the Reagan Administration is not serious about arms control. The message of the freeze movement is simply, "End the madness of the nuclear arms race." It is a message the Administration has not really heard and does not quite understand.

It is no accident that the nuclear freeze movement appeared only in the past year. The Reagan Administration in large part created the movement by making frightening statements about achieving nuclear superiority, fighting a limited nuclear war in Europe, firing nuclear warning shots, and telling people that everything will be O.K. in the event of nuclear war if there are enough shovels to go around. These statements, coupled with the huge increases in the strategic nuclear forces budget, have fostered a feeling that the Reagan Administration is somewhat cavalier about the prospect of nuclear war.

Candidate Reagan said he would open strategic nuclear arms talks with the Soviets "immediately" if he were elected. Eugene Rostow, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, said he thought START talks would begin by March 1982. March has come and gone, and "immediately," by whatever definition, has long since passed. Yet we are still waiting for strategic arms talks.

TOBIAS K. SEGGERMAN
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Your editorial on the arms freeze calls upon us and our senators to cool our emotions and think—to think, that is, that deterrence, which "requires the capacity to destroy the other side *after a first strike* . . . has proved the only guarantor of peace in the nuclear age." But has it? When in this age have we felt guaranteed of peace? We must think again and even more carefully.

This deterrence is a reassuring technical term that disguises the force actually at work behind it—fear. We are asked to believe that our fear of the Russians' ability to destroy us if we strike first, and their fear of our ability to destroy them if they strike first, will prevent any strikes at all. But building safety on a foundation of fear is like trying to make a dam out of water. At a moment of crisis, fears tend to get confused, and whether the fear of striking or the fear of not striking will prevail is likely to be determined not by clear thinking, but by emotions of precisely the kind that bring bandwagons to Washington even in peacetime.

The arms race is nothing without the fear race, and the escalation of fear can lead only to destruction. On the other hand, if one side were to act determined to resist the other's domination by every method *except* total destruction or the threat of it, if one side were to bow out of the race, in short, if one side were to exhibit real courage, wouldn't fear, on both sides, be disarmed?

GIDEON RAPPAPORT
Escondido, California

To the editors:
Equality rather than parity of nuclear forces is an elusive goal. Time is crucial. If we take time to develop one area of weaponry to equal that of the Soviets, then they will have time to develop other areas. Either side can use the excuse of inequality to stall freeze talks.

Meanwhile, the risk of nuclear accident increases. More frightening, nuclear bombs may be developed in countries with heads of state like Khomeini. Will the development and testing of nuclear weapons ever be more verifiable? The testing already is. The development may never be.

On the issue of deterrence, you put forth strategic opinion as fact. There is no assurance that retaliatory capacity is the real deterrent. Global winds of massive radiation, radical climatic changes, or the collapse of the international economy may be deterrence enough.

LOUISE WEEKS THORNDIKE
Seattle, Washington

WISHFUL REVISIONISM

To the editors:
John Keegan claims in his book review "The American War" (TNR, March 31) that slavery would have been rendered irrelevant by the vast immigration from Europe in the 1880s and 1890s, and that therefore the Civil War was tragically unnecessary. With this, Keegan joins the ranks of wishful-thinking revisionists.

There is no evidence that the mass of planters would have ever voluntarily given up their slaves whatever the labor situation. Indeed, in the face of the first waves of mass immigration to America in the 1830s and 1840s, Southerners became more and more intransigent in the defense of their "peculiar institution" and developed a sophisticated "positive good" rationale for slavery.

Sadly, some problems will not go away without violence.

GERALD SORIN
State University of New York
New Paltz, New York

CHEEVER'S PARADISE

To the editors:
Heartfelt thanks and congratulations for Ann Hulbert's exceptionally fine review of John Cheever's *Oh What a Paradise It Seems* ("Lonely Nomads," TNR, March 31). Ms. Hulbert's piece is a rare example of what literary criticism should—and can—be: clear, learned,

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premature) and they are championed by Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, who has fantasized Saudi Arabia to be the replacement of Iran in protecting our country's critical geopolitical interests in the region—as if it were not the power of the Israeli Army on which any American military contingency depends. If Weinberger wins, the United States will lose. Israel will have no good reason to put itself further at risk if it cannot rely upon its only ally. American policymakers must understand this. Israel, to be sure, will also lose; but if Israel loses the backing of the United States in its battle with Arab maximalism, it will have nothing more to lose, except its life. The present position of the American government (or, more precisely, the present positions of the American government), and the relentless clamor for more and more concessions to the unyielding from those who have already dared to make peace, are a poor reward for the great thing that Israel and Egypt did last Sunday.

Even Hands, Dirty Hands

The crisis over the Falkland Islands demonstrates that the basic principles of U.S. policy in the Middle East are not confined to that region; they are of universal application. In this new crisis, official Washington runs true to form. A population of some 1,800 men and women who have never known anything but a free, tolerant, and open society are suddenly subjected to the horrors of a police state. Official Washington seems unconcerned with this aspect of the matter. There is a conflict between two states, one of them a liberal democracy and a loyal ally, the other fascist at home and pro-Soviet abroad—except in Central America, where its services may be rented. Official Washington reaches instinctively for the noble banner of even-handedness, and proudly proclaims itself "the friend of both." Those responsible for the formulation of U.S. policy reveal their familiar inability or unwillingness to distinguish between good and bad, slave and free, friend and foe.

American politicians and commentators are fond of using the language and imagery of sport in the discussion of international affairs. It is increasingly clear, however, that the only role in the great game of international politics to which Washington really aspires is that of referee. Since it cannot moderate between two disputants it will have to pressure one of them. Since one does not pressure fascist dictatorships, it would be the British who would be pushed to some "compromise" that is damaging and dishonorable or both. Britain's show of force in the South Atlantic may be the cover for this forced retreat. Many years ago, a British diplomat, urging concessions on an Israeli prime minister, remarked, "You are reasonable people, and you have to pay the price for being reasonable." The lessons to be learned from this kind of policy is that violent and erratic behavior is more likely to achieve results than reason. In the end, the Western alliance will pay a high price for these lessons: the long-term resentment of the British and encouragement to crazy states.

Meanwhile, many people in Britain, in Europe, and elsewhere are watching and waiting to see how Washington will fare in this test of its nerve and loyalty. Few, if any, countries in the world can claim a closer and more intimate relationship with the U.S. than Britain. If Washington is unwilling to give support, even to Britain, or to take a stand, even against Argentina, what can less privileged countries, with more powerful adversaries, expect? It is a sobering thought.

Notebook

☐ THE WHITE HOUSE WANTS CBS to devote half an hour to a rebuttal of Bill Moyers's startling accusation that the budget cuts hurt people. Mr. Moyers got that headline-maker off his chest in a documentary titled "People Like Us." "Frankly, this one was below the belt," griped White House communications director David Gergen. The Reagan crowd is right about one thing: from their point of view, at least, the people Mr. Moyers interviewed—an Ohio man with cerebral palsy who can't collect Social Security, and a working woman who lost her eligibility for Medicaid, to name two—are hardly PLU. In the interest of equal time, we recommend that Bill Moyers take a film crew to the nearest Neiman-Marcus to observe how the Reagan program is affecting the other America.

☐ A 74-YEAR-OLD white-haired grandmother has been convicted of lugging two-and-a-half pounds of cocaine into the country in a false-bottomed suitcase, the *Los Angeles Times* reports. The haul was said to have had a "street value" of $480,000, a sum Granny would surely have found useful in the event her Social Security and Medicare payments get Reaganized in consequence of the current budget negotiations. This little old lady's case suggests a simple, free-market solution to the entitlements problem: reserve the drug trade for people over 65. Exempting oldsters from the laws governing the importing and sale of narcotics (much as employers in the Administration's "enterprise zones" are to be excused from obeying environmental and safety laws) would effect a quick, nonbureaucratic transfer of income from the youth of America to her senior citizens. Naturally, any Golden Agers who for some reason were unable to become drug pushers would be allowed to "lease" their exemptions to the person or syndicate of their choice.

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□ THOMAS HOVING, marauding former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has a new prize. The Met's own Indiana Jones has snapped his bullwhip across the Atlantic and lassoed *Connoisseur*, the 80-year-old British magazine "with a passion for the very best." A full-page ad in the *New York Times* heralded the April issue—astonishingly, they didn't call it the April "number"—with a photograph of editor-in-chief Hoving peering expertly down the barrel of a William III candlestick (Anthony Nelme, London, 1697; Christie's, New York). Mr. Hoving promises that the Americanized *Connoisseur* will be "nothing less than the preeminent arbiter of excellence in all matters artistic and cultural." And he means *all*. The cover of the first issue teases with the headlines, "Fabulous Jewels of Schlumberger," "The Consummate Motorcycle," and "Great Murals From Ancient Mexico." Since no palate on earth is capable of absorbing all the tastes of so wide-ranging a buffet, the magazine could more accurately be titled *Consumer Reports* if the name weren't already taken. And if it didn't summon images of blenders, lawn mowers, and other unlovely hardware that "over-sized pages, heavy, enameled paper, and fine color printing" seem wasted on.

□ DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS: In our editorial, of April 21, "The Forgotten Demand Side," TNR ascribed to the American Association of Retired Persons (which we identified as the National Association of Retired Persons) a position the organization does not hold. We said that the AARP was willing to accept a freeze in cost-of-living increases for its membership, basing the judgment on a March 10 *New York Times* story, which, the AARP informs us, "gave the wrong impression that the association might support, or might not oppose, benefit reductions in entitlement programs like Medicare, Social Security, and Civil Service Retirement, or in the all-important cost-of-living protections that some of these programs provide. Nothing could be further from the truth." We did not see the AARP's letter to the editor of the *New York Times*, correcting the news story. We apologize to the AARP, and to our readers.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The objectors to a system of economic planning and social control, who protest that it would drastically limit the freedom of the owner to do as he likes with his property, are talking about a sort of freedom which is already little but a shadow. . . . It is one thing to justify institutions like 'individual initiative' and 'competition' and 'private enterprise' in an economy which is really characterized by the small, personally controlled units which made these terms mean something, and quite another to apply the stale ideas left over from the primitive kind of economic society to an economy in which control is already centralized." (Editorial, "An Economic Ruling Class," May 11, 1932.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

REAGAN'S NON-STARTER

DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTS are expected to favor nuclear arms control, notes Representative Les Aspin, and Republicans are not. As a result, a Democrat can hang tough in negotiations with the Soviet Union without fear that public pressure will force him into a hasty agreement. No matter how tough the Democrat hangs, however, he is likely to have difficulty getting his agreement ratified by the Senate—as Jimmy Carter found with SALT II—because his image is "soft." Republicans are in the opposite situation. According to Aspin, a Democratic member of the House Armed Services Committee, "Any agreement that Ronald Reagan makes with the Soviets will be ratified by the Senate with hardly six dissenting votes. Ronald Reagan's problem is that it's going to be hard to come up with a tough negotiating position and stick to it. The perception of Republicans is that they're tough because they don't want arms control at all, and so the pressure on them increases. It's going to be much harder for Ronald Reagan to negotiate than it was for Carter."

If Les Aspin's perception is correct, then President Reagan started out his Administration doing everything possible to make life more difficult for himself. With help from loose-talking subordinates, the President had much to do with spawning the European peace movement. That movement was calmed but not eradicated by Reagan's November 18 "zero option" offer to forgo deployment of U.S. intermediate-range missiles in Europe in return for removal of Soviet SS-20s. Administration officials expect the movement to revive and to renew pressure on the U.S. once the Soviets repeat often enough that it's unfair to ask them to dismantle 300 existing missiles in return for nondeployment of U.S. systems that do not yet exist, especially since British and French systems will not be touched. As one European told an American at a recent academic gathering, "If Ronald Reagan had made his November 18 speech on April 18 [1981], there wouldn't be a European peace movement."

On this side of the Atlantic, too, Reagan policies and Reagan rhetoric are heavily responsible for setting the nuclear freeze campaign in motion. But it is only lately, at the urging of White House political advisers, that the Administration has begun to tone down its talk about nuclear policy and demonstrate sympathy for citizens worried about nuclear war. And it was not until April 21 that President Reagan and his top advisers held their first full National Security Council meeting to consider what proposal to make to the Soviets to launch Strategic Arms Reduction Talks. The U.S. proposal is expected to be unveiled in early June, in

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connection with the President's trip to Europe.

Why has it taken so long? "They didn't do anything until they were forced into it," says Aspin. "I think the freeze and everything associated with it has forced them to get serious about START." The implication is that, unless pushed, the Republicans would have little interest in arms control. Aspin thus exhibits the very suspicion he anticipates will cause pressure on Reagan in negotiations. The suspicion is widely shared. For example, Jeffrey Porro, acting executive director of the Arms Control Association, wrote recently that "key officials in the Administration who opposed detente and arms control [when out of office] have not changed their attitudes. They have been forced by circumstances to compromise. [But] they still see the main task of U.S. security policy as a major improvement in U.S. strength, nuclear and conventional, to oppose the spread of Soviet power. They continue to believe that arms control has a very small place, if any, in such a policy and could be detrimental to it. In short, arms control is very low on their list of priorities."

IN REPLY to such critics, Administration officials acknowledge that the freeze movement did cause a change in Administration rhetoric, but they deny that it is responsible for the timing of planning for START, which they say was delayed by preparations for European missile talks and by the crisis in Poland. According to White House aides, President Reagan is firmly committed to the pursuit of arms reductions—though he believes it necessary to build up the U.S. arsenal (or convincingly threaten to build it up) in order to win concessions from the Soviets. But other Administration officials admit that they suspect that some of their fellow Reaganites have no use whatever for arms control, and are, in fact, out to sabotage it. What worries these officials is that if President Reagan adopts a patently one-sided START position, it will discredit the Administration both at home and overseas, and give new impetus to the peace and freeze movements, enabling them to block both an arms buildup and arms control.

In and out of the Administration, fingers of suspicion are being pointed particularly at Richard N. Perle, assistant secretary of defense for international security policy, the swarthy-complexioned Dark Prince of nuclear affairs who, as chief aide to Senator Henry Jackson, was heavily responsible for torpedoing SALT II. Acknowledged as brilliant by enemies as well as friends, Perle was principal author of the European zero option proposal and of an accompanying negotiating strategy of no fallback—meaning that even if the Soviets were willing to compromise, the U.S. wouldn't. Now, according to Administration officials, Perle is pushing a START proposal that would demand a 60 percent reduction in Soviet missile power ("throw-weight") from its present level of 4.1 million kilograms down to the U.S. level of 1.7 million, while the U.S. would give up nothing.

In the battle for President Reagan's support, Perle's proposal has the advantage of meeting basic Administration guidelines for START. It would provide for "equality" of U.S. and Soviet forces and would therefore seem "fair." It would be easy for citizens to understand and for officials to defend. And it would produce real, militarily significant reductions in the Soviet arsenal, especially in heavy missiles that can carry many warheads and threaten America's land-based ICBMs. The U.S. has 1,052 such missiles in fixed silos. Soviet missiles have such huge "throw-weight" (the total weight of everything "thrown"—the missile casing, warheads, guidance, penetration aids, and warhead-carrying "buses") that newer missiles conceivably could carry twenty accurate warheads each so that just a few hundred of the Soviets' 1,400 ICBMs would provide a first-strike potential against the U.S. The SALT II treaty would have limited both the number of Soviet heavy missile launchers and the number of warheads each missile could carry, but critics like Perle feared that the Soviets might cheat or "break out" of the agreement and put extra warheads on their missiles.

THE MAIN problems with Perle's proposal, as critics see it, are its negotiability and its verifiability. They believe that the Soviets will turn the proposal down flat, and that much of the world will perceive it as grossly one-sided and unfair. It was a conscious U.S. decision in the 1960s to build light, accurate ICBMs rather than huge, heavy ones, and it will be argued that the Soviets ought not be penalized now for their advantage. And, critics say, even if such an agreement could be sealed, it would probably require on-site inspection, which the Soviets have always refused. So critics consider Perle's START proposal a nonstarter, and one designed specifically for rejection by the Soviets, in the hopes that this will lead to a massive U.S. arms buildup. Perle is considered by both friends and foes to be a to-the-bitter-end adversary of the Soviet Union. That reputation probably has helped him win the backing of his boss, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, who in turn is a close friend and anti-Soviet soul mate of President Reagan.

The main rival proposal to Perle's reportedly is being pushed by another Richard—Richard Burt, the director of the State Department's Office of Politico-Military Affairs and formerly the *New York Times*'s

COMING:

The American House of Saud: II.

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national security correspondent. Instead of attacking the Soviet throw-weight problem directly, the Burt proposal seeks to reduce the number of missile warheads in the U.S. and Soviet arsenals to equal levels of between 4,000 and 5,000 over a five-to-ten year period. At the moment, each nation has approximately 7,000 operational missile warheads, though unless restrained, the Soviets are expected to increase their supply to 9,000 over the next five years. Burt's proposal reportedly contains subsidiary limits on ICBM warheads and on numbers of Soviet heavy-missile launchers—elements which have opened the proposal to Pentagon sniping that it resembles Jimmy Carter's SALT II. Both Richards anticipate a separate chapter in their START proposals to limit manned bombers and cruise missiles.

The advantages of Burt's proposal lie in its negotiability and verifiability, though it's not known how highly President Reagan values these virtues. Neither Richard will be able to solve the problem of U.S. ICBM vulnerability, but Perle would come closer than Burt—if an agreement could ever be reached on his proposal. Burt's idea isn't as simple as Perle's, but it does provide for equality in warheads, a concept that people and Presidents can probably understand more easily than throw-weight.

EXACTLY HOW the President will decide between the Richards is unclear, especially since he is only beginning the process of learning what START is all about, and since his National Security Council staff reportedly still is unable to coordinate interagency policy. Some officials and outside observers anticipate that instead of choosing warheads or throw-weight as the new "unit of account" in arms control (replacing SALT II's missile launchers), the Administration will come up with an amalgamated proposal seeking to limit all three, and that one proposal—possibly the limit on Soviet heavy missiles—will be singled out as the simple headline-grabber. This approach is said to be favored by Eugene Rostow, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Another wrinkle is that the Administration apparently is intent on inventing a new term for "destructive potential" or "destructive power" of nuclear weaponry. One nuclear expert suggested that the unit be called "the Nitze" after Paul Nitze, the flinty former deputy defense secretary whose opposition helped kill SALT. Now, Nitze—the Administration's European missile negotiator—is telling people he never really opposed SALT II. It's thought that both Nitze and the Administration's START negotiator, retired General Edward Rowny, another SALT foe, think that a sound arms control agreement with the Soviets is possible, provided a tough guy like himself negotiates it. Since the European talks are closely connected to the START process, the two reportedly are engaged in turf quarrels and in squabbles over who is the more effective negotiator.

However the Administration resolves its internal differences, the key ingredient necessary for a Reagan nuclear policy—which is lacking so far—would seem to be credibility with both the Soviet Union and the U.S. public. To begin to induce the Soviets to go beyond SALT II limits to actual reductions, the U.S. needs to give up something in return, such as the prospect that the U.S. will build an MX missile force that would someday endanger Soviet missiles. Yet Reaganites who so heavily criticized Jimmy Carter as being "soft" on nuclear policy have yet to settle on an MX basing mode, and are allowing the impression to grow (here and in Moscow) that no MX will ever be built. Whatever his faults, Carter had both an MX plan and an arms control plan—SALT II. But the Reagan Administration has rejected SALT and gives many people the idea that it is not interested in arms control. If Ronald Reagan produces neither a deployed MX nor a START agreement in his first term, all his tough talk will sound very hollow. Reagan still has the time to make convincing moves on both fronts, but he had better hurry.

MORTON KONDRACKE

Battle for the Falklands: 1.

THE STAKES

FACED WITH THE British foreign policy failure that resulted in Argentina's seizure of the Falkland Islands, the Thatcher government had to decide on a response. The simplest course, and the one most certain to limit the long-term damage to Britain's international interests and prestige, would have been to play down the issue, and, while deploring the illegal use of force, to note (accurately) that the British government had been working toward such a transfer of sovereignty once the islanders' interests could be safeguarded. A second option was to inflame the issue and, claiming *force majeure* and the inability of Britain's NATO-oriented forces to act at such a distance, to set about punishing Argentina with financial sanctions and economic reprisals. This might have made Margaret Thatcher feel good and helped her weather the domestic storm, but, as America has found out with Afghanistan and Poland, punishment is more certain to inflict significant costs on oneself than to affect the other country's policies. The third and most hazardous course was to attempt to restore the status quo ante, if possible by negotiation, international pressure, and economic coercion, but if necessary by force. What led Britain to choose this dangerous third option?

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To understand why the British people have been more united in this response than at any time since 1939, we need to look beyond the stereotypes of imperial nostalgia and injured national pride to memories of Munich and unchecked aggression by the Axis powers, and the Europeans' visceral feelings about fascism. Of course Galtieri's Argentina is not Hitler's Germany. Nor is it even Mussolini's Italy, although the resemblance there is closer, with overseas adventures used to assuage domestic discontents. But Argentina does have expansionist tendencies. It is prepared to go to war with Chile over the Beagle Channel. Its claim to South Georgia, made only in 1927, was a means of bolstering more extensive claims to Antarctica. It is buying new warships when it already has the greatest offensive naval capability in the region. And it is reputed to have nuclear aspirations. To the British, given the political complexion of Argentina's military regime, the echoes of the 1930s were clear. So were the principles involved—principles which took the Allies to war in 1939 and which were subsequently written into the Charter of the United Nations.

ALTHOUGH THE dispute is about who owns the Falklands, sovereignty is not the central principle at stake. Argentina has never taken its case to the International Court of Justice, possibly because the one hundred and fifty years of open, effective, and peaceable British settlement is a powerful case to break. If this does not constitute legal possession, a large part of the world is up for grabs. But the legal merits of the two claims are not the issue now. Nor are the political complexions of the opposing governments.

At stake are two basic principles of international relations: the peaceful settlement of disputes, and self-determination. The latter was one of President Wilson's Fourteen Points. It has had immense influence on the evolution of the international system and was a prime engine of decolonization. In the case of the Falkland Islands, one can argue that Britain was unwise to allow the preferences of 1,800 citizen-islanders to prejudice her wider interests in South America. But a 1979 referendum overwhelmingly rejected association with Argentina, despite the best attempts of the Argentine government (actively abetted by the British authorities) to woo the islanders by building infrastructure support and cultural links. To waive the principle of self-determination because the Falklands (300 miles offshore) can be seen as an enclave would place in jeopardy a whole range of island communities that lie much closer to foreign coasts. The Greek islands off Turkey are an obvious example, and the Caribbean can provide a host of others.

The principle that nations should settle their disputes by peaceful means is even more important to international peace and security, and to the future of world order. Enshrined in both the U.N. Charter and the Rio Treaty, this is more useful than the coequal principle that states should refrain from aggression, because it sidesteps the problem of defining aggression. The Argentines deny they are aggressors, claiming they have merely "reconquered" the Falklands. But they cannot deny the use of force to settle a dispute—one, moreover, that was being actively negotiated, as they acknowledged in the joint communiqué following February's meetings. The principle of settling disputes peacefully favors the weak over the strong, and its breach explains the disunity within the Organization of American States as Argentina seeks to rally support for its cause.

In understanding the issues, we also need to be clear about those that are not involved. The issue is not colonialism. By no stretch of the imagination does Argentina come within the category of countries that were "decolonized" after World War II; and there were no native inhabitants of the Falklands. In terms of their antecedents, of their peoples, Argentina's peers are such nations as Canada, Australia, South Africa, and the United States, which were originally settled by European stock. If any group can make "decolonial" claims, it is the remnants of Argentina's native population, which was largely destroyed in the nineteenth century. The dispute is between two groups of settlers, both originating in Europe.

Nor does the dispute involve the Monroe Doctrine, which warned European powers against establishing new colonies but accepted existing ones. The U.S. did not allow Buenos Aires's claim to the Falklands in 1831, the year the U.S.S. Lexington evicted the tiny Argentine garrison. And it accepted the reassertion of British sovereignty in 1833, the islands being classed among the existing possessions of European powers. Neither the Monroe Doctrine nor the Rio Treaty legitimizes the seizure of such possessions, whereas Britain does have the right to use force in response to force.

Nor, finally, in any serious way, does the dispute involve outposts of empire. The British withdrawal from its colonial possessions was a deliberate process, set in train at the end of World War II and largely accomplished within twenty years. The British showed little inclination to hold on to remote outposts, forcing independence on barely viable micro-states, and even refusing to retain the long association with Malta, an island of unique strategic significance. Only where distinct social cultures were threatened with annexation by powerful neighbors (Belize, Gibraltar, and the Falklands) did Britain grudgingly continue to shoulder its postcolonial responsibilities.

THIS CONCEPT of national obligation may sound archaic, but the domino effect of the Falklands on Guatemala's claim to Belize and Spain's to Gibraltar (already reflected in votes at the U.N. and OAS) appears to have been an important consideration. Combined with the belief that acquisitive aggression (particularly by Fascist dictatorships) must not be allowed to pay, it

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generated the political will to risk British lives and prestige 8,000 miles from home. The decision was not taken lightly, and there is no doubt about the government's determination to see the endeavor through to a successful conclusion. The clock is now running. The U.N. resolution called for immediate withdrawal of Argentine troops, and the British have made it quite clear that if they do not go voluntarily, they will be evicted by force. The South Georgian operation was a necessary diversion, but the main aim has always been to restore the status quo ante in the Falkland Islands. The question of whether or not there will be further fighting now lies entirely with Argentina. The British are not seeking a fight to salve their pride and would much prefer a peaceful solution. But time is not on their side and, if the negotiations do not yield early results, they cannot afford to delay their assault on the Falklands.

Many important lessons can be learned from this rather improbable crisis, with its comic opera overtones of passé imperial power and tinpot dictatorships. But the real significance of the Falklands operation will be to demonstrate anew that democracies, when roused, do have the will to fight for what they see as important, whether it be in principle or property.

MICHAEL MCCGWIRE

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Battle for the Falklands: 2.

THE CLASH OF ARMS

IT WAS ONLY a month ago that the British government was planning to scrap or sell virtually the whole of the Royal Navy in order to pay for the construction of four nuclear-powered submarines armed with American Trident I ballistic missiles. The rest of the fleet seemed unnecessary when the only threat to be taken account of was the Soviet Union. Then Argentina invaded the Falkland Islands, and the British suddenly discovered how useful it is to have a navy. It was impossible to deter the impending Argentine attack by threatening to fly airborne troops to the Falklands. The Royal Air Force lacks long-range transports, and in any case the only airfield on the islands, at 4,100 feet, is too short to handle such aircraft. As for paratroops, wind speeds in the Falklands are too high (averaging 16 miles per hour) to stage a safe drop. As a result, the British were left with the very ships slated for disposal in order to form a task force to recover the Falklands.

This task force was assembled with surprising speed. In a matter of hours, nuclear-powered attack submarines were heading for the Falklands, followed in a few days by two aircraft carriers and numerous destroyers, frigates, amphibious transports, and support and supply ships. Royal Navy vessels have been supplemented by a large number of commercial vessels chartered from British shipping companies and converted for naval use. Simultaneously, an air bridge was formed to Ascension Island, 3,500 miles from the Falklands. Ascension is now a staging area for troops and supplies left behind during hurried departures from England and Gibraltar. Though there were no contingency plans to cover the situation, the British successfully improvised a plan of operations in very short order.

THE AMPHIBIOUS transports are the heart of the British task force, since they carry the men and equipment necessary to recapture the islands. The remaining ships are there to protect the amphibious vessels from air and naval attack, but have no other use, since even sinking the entire Argentine Navy will not force an evacuation of the Falklands. The danger from air attacks is especially serious, as the Argentines have a large air force equipped with American Skyhawk attack aircraft, Israeli Dagger fighter-bombers, and French Mirage III interceptors. The British believe, however, that their extremely sophisticated naval air defenses, using Sea Harrier fighters and an array of modern antiaircraft missiles, can protect their ships from air attacks. The Sea Harriers are surprisingly good fighters: Royal Navy pilots flying them in mock combat against American F-15 and F-16 fighters have managed almost one-to-one kill ratios. The antiaircraft missiles should prove to be even more formidable, especially since the Argentines have virtually no electronic countermeasures equipment for their aircraft. Argentine planes could potentially inflict severe damage on the British fleet, but their lack of guided weapons and modern electronics gear makes this most unlikely to happen.

The Argentine Navy poses less of a threat, since its vessels are generally inferior in the vital areas of crew skills, modern sensors, and up-to-date weapons. The single Argentine carrier is nearly forty years old and in disrepair. One of Argentina's four submarines was crippled during the British assault on South Georgia. The three that remain, especially the two late models built in Germany, are actually more of a threat than the carrier, but they will have to penetrate British antisubmarine warfare defenses able to locate and sink Soviet submarines of advanced design. Most of the remaining combatants in the Argentine fleet are slightly modernized World War II ships; only the two late model destroyers and the three new frigates are any match at

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all for their British counterparts. Thus the Argentine fleet is likely to suffer heavily should it attempt to interfere with British operations.

Although the British may have few problems getting their amphibious ships to the Falklands, they will not find it easy to reconquer them. The actual landing will be relatively easy. There are approximately two hundred islands in the Falklands chain, upon any one of which the British could land, and the two main islands, East and West Falkland, are much bigger than is commonly realized. West Falkland Island, the smaller of the two, is about the size of Long Island (1,700 square miles), and East Falkland Island is half again as large (2,500 square miles). The two main islands have a combined coastline of more than 800 miles, along which there are numerous anchorages suitable for large vessels. The Argentine garrison of around ten thousand is far too small to guard every possible place in the Falklands where the British might invade, and so the Argentines have chosen to concentrate their forces in only a few positions. These sites are said to be protected by extensive arrays of fortifications and minefields along the beaches, with naval minefields covering the water approaches, but there is strong reason to believe that the Argentines have systematically exaggerated the strength of their defenses in an effort to deter a British attack. Even more important, the Argentines and many American analysts seem to believe that the British are going to launch a World War II-style attack, complete with massive shore bombardment and waves of landing craft, when in fact helicopters will be used. With helicopters the attacker can completely ignore beach defenses, landing in any spot suiting his needs.

THE ACTUAL ATTACK on those areas which the Argentines have chosen to defend could prove difficult. The British can hope that the Argentine Army, composed mainly of short-term conscripts, will collapse when faced with an attacking force of well-trained, highly motivated, elite British troops, but this is being extremely optimistic. Although the Argentines have not fought a conventional war in over a century, and have spent most of the last decade involved in antiterrorist and counterguerrilla operations, this does not necessarily mean they will do poorly on the battlefield.

Ultimately the British decision to invade will not depend upon military considerations. The British believe that they can defeat the Argentines on land, air, and sea, but are uncertain as to the potential cost of victory. Optimistically they might hope to suffer no more than several hundred casualties, assuming that the Argentines collapse under pressure from a determined assault. Should the Argentines fight well, British casualties will be far higher. In either case it is likely that at least some civilians will be killed. The Thatcher government has shown a willingness to use force, and therefore clearly acknowledges that lives will be lost. But there are limits, and if too many people get killed, a battlefield victory could easily turn into a diplomatic and political defeat. For this reason the British will seek to fight in ways that minimize casualties.

The British are also well aware of the importance of a speedy resolution of the crisis. To delay an invasion of the Falklands gives the Argentines time to strengthen their hold on the islands. The Argentines might also try to extend the airfield at Stanley, in order to base combat aircraft there. The onset of winter in the South Atlantic will make sustained naval operations difficult if the British do not invade the islands soon. Finally, although the British now command considerable domestic and foreign support, this support could erode if operations are prolonged, endangering the Thatcher government and possibly forcing the British to abandon their military plans. There are thus considerable pressures on the British to conclude their operations as soon as possible.

However, the reoccupation of the Falklands will not end the hostilities. It would be difficult for any Argentine government both to cede Argentina's claims to the Falklands and to remain in power. The best that can be expected is a return to the status quo ante; the worst cannot be foretold.

W. Seth Carus And Stephen P. Glick

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Battle for the Falklands: 3.

Britain's Dilemma

London

AS I WRITE, Britain, it appears, is more or less at war. It still seems scarcely believable. If anyone had tried to tell me on April 1, the day before the Argentines captured the Falkland Islands, that the future of Margaret Thatcher and her government would depend not on the level of unemployment, the rate of inflation, or the behavior of the trade unions, but rather on naval action in the South Atlantic, 8,000 miles from home, I would have put them down as poor April foolers.

When the Task Force sailed out of Portsmouth harbor on the following Monday, the sun was shining, the sailors lined their ships, and schoolchildren waved Union Jacks, as if this were a postponed event in last year's Royal Wedding celebrations. At its special Satur-

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DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

day session on the morning after the invasion, the House of Commons had exploded in a patriotic fervor out of proportion to the strategic, political, and economic importance (or, rather, lack of it) of the Falkland Islands. But for the vast majority of M.P.s, that wasn't the point. The point was that a dictator had committed an aggression, the national honor had been besmirched, and the Foreign Office had perpetrated a monumental balls up.

Parliament itself bore a heavy responsibility for the failure over the years to respond to the real circumstances facing this insignificant outpost of lost empire. Ministers and officials had long known that the islands' future lay with Argentina in some relationship or another, and that Britain lacked both the means and the will to secure their future either economically or, if necessary, militarily. But nothing much was done, because the large majority of M.P.s didn't care a jot for the Falklands one way or another, and a tiny number, for reasons either of special interest or irresponsible imperialist sentiment, would kick up a disproportionate fuss each time the matter was raised. So the islanders themselves became the tail wagging the dog.

Such was the parliamentary rage when the islands fell that Mrs. Thatcher was obliged to do something. But what? There is enough salt in her British blood to ensure that her instinctive response was to send the fleet. Her own party was behind her, a faction of it baying for the blood not only of General Galtieri but also of Lord Carrington, the architect of the fiasco. The Tory right-wingers had other scores to settle: they held Carrington and his Foreign Office responsible for handing Rhodesia to the Marxist Robert Mugabe, and suspected him of working toward a unified Republican Ireland. The Labour Party, for its part, saw a fascist dictator in its sights and knew where its duty lay. On that Saturday the most fervent of the fervent was the Labour leader, Michael Foot, and his patriotic oratory won him plaudits all around the chamber. So the Fleet was sent with enthusiastic parliamentary support.

But the Labour Party's backing of the government was highly conditional upon force, or the threat of force, continuing to serve a diplomatic strategy of which it approves. On April 27, Michael Foot showed the first signs of making his escape when he demanded that Mrs. Thatcher send her Foreign Secretary, Francis Pym, to meet with Secretary General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar at U.N. headquarters in New York before any further military action was taken. This was seen as a sign that bipartisanship was becoming increasingly fragile. Labour's line has been that the U.N., not the U.S., should be doing the mediating, so that the U.S. can perform its proper function of supporting a true ally in a time of need instead of playing it evenhanded toward a new and nasty friend guilty of aggression. The Labour Party (and, to a rather lesser extent, the Social Democratic-Liberal alliance) is thus well placed to benefit from a developing anti-Ameri-

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canism that could become more pronounced if things go wrong.

In the Conservative Party there are now three strands of opinion. There is what is known as the "war party," a smallish group of perhaps thirty or forty who say they will settle for nothing less than the regaining of the Falklands by one means or another. These people usually take their lead from the Prime Minister herself, who shares most of their instincts, but on this occasion they are her potential critics. On the other wing of the party is a group, perhaps equally small, which has misgivings about the whole affair. In the middle, the great majority of Conservative M.P.s long for peace with honor. Their view of what this might consist of has shifted, and softened, as the Task Force has notched up the miles. In general, the mood is increasingly toward compromise on the issue of self-determination, provided the interim arrangements embody the maxim that "aggression shall bear no fruits."

Meanwhile, the public, when asked by the pollsters whether it supports the government and the sending of the task force, and deplores aggression in general and General Galtieri in particular, answers with an emphatic yes. When consulted about how it would respond to the loss of life in the cause of the Falkland Islands, it is a good deal more ambivalent. Account has to be taken, in judging the public response, of the patriotic and sometimes deplorably jingoistic tone set by Parliament. If you talk to people, they usually raise some doubt as to what the Falklanders truly want—a fight to the death or fresh pastures in Scotland or New Zealand. In the atmosphere of excitement which has surrounded this weird and unexpected psychodrama during its first three weeks, the British have come to expect a climactic outcome in one form or another. The fleet was like a slow fuse which would lead to a big bang. What will happen, people ask, if Mrs. Thatcher soaks the beaches of the Falklands with blood? What will happen if she comes home with a compromise falling far short of her ambitious objectives? Where will she be if war or diplomacy—or, more likely, both—goes on and on, for months not weeks? What if the South Atlantic seas are her equivalent of Napoleon's Russian winter? Will the attrition, then, take place at home? Will the public grow bored as well as disillusioned? Will Parliament show the same impatience with the recovery of the Falklands as erupted over their loss? I would tentatively answer yes to all these questions.

THERE IS A SENSE in Britain at the moment, certainly in high governmental places, that the world will turn turtle on our just and righteous cause if the shooting starts to get serious. What is more, there is a feeling here that we cannot seriously go to war over a territory that we have been trying to get rid of, and on behalf of a small number of people whose intentions or best interests are far from certain. There is something both quixotically splendid and unreal about Mrs. Thatcher's late-Victorian response to this minor modern crisis, but one is bound to wonder whether the real world is going to allow a happy outcome. One fears the cruel bump of reality and the effects that may have on both British politics and Atlantic relations.

PETER JENKINS

Peter Jenkins is a political columnist for the *Guardian* of London.

Battle for the Falklands: 4.

ARGENTINA'S DREAM

IN A COUNTRY as bitterly divided and as deeply wounded as Argentina, only a dream can hold the promise of national unity. In attempting to overcome the crushing reality of half a century of failure, climaxed by a decade of total terrorism, Argentines have clung more and more fiercely to the vision of their country that they learned in school. Argentina's schoolrooms still harbor the fading memory of the long-lost idealism on which the nation was founded. The vision of the country as an earthly paradise, imparted to the children in their crisply starched white pinafores, bears no relation to the Argentina that those children have grown up in since 1930. It was in that year that the first of umpteen military coups transformed the history and constitution that are taught in the classrooms into mere fairy tales.

Only one thing remains of the Argentina that was a promised land: the belief, learned along with the alphabet, the national anthem, and two plus two equals four, that the *Islas Malvinas* are Argentine. Every child knows that the British stole them from Argentina one hundred and forty-nine years ago and renamed them the Falkland Islands. Over the years, legends have grown up that are as compelling as those told about Paul Revere or Robin Hood. In poems and *tangos* the loss of the islands is depicted as rape. Atavistic fears of *El Malón*—the bad Indian carrying off the women of the early settlers of the pampas—linger on in verses that depict the British as pirates who stole and then ravaged Argentina's purest islands. The raising of the pristine blue and white Argentine flag over the Malvinas is a dream of glory in the heart and mind of every patriotic Argentine.

It is not a bit surprising, therefore, that Lieutenant General Leopoldo Fortunato Galtieri, Commander in

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Chief of the Argentine Army and President of the junta, saw his future as one of ignominy or glory during the last days of March. In Buenos Aires and Mendoza, massive demonstrations against the military government had left many lying wounded in the streets. To quell the riots, more than two thousand people were arrested. On Tuesday a mob had been battling police to get into Plaza de Mayo to scream abuse at the military. But on Friday the police were marshaling a huge and happy flag-waving crowd in the Plaza. Galtieri beamed down from the balcony of Casa Rosada as the crowd hailed him as a hero. His top Cabinet minister, General Alfredo Saint Jean, turned to him and said, "Enjoy it, chief."

ENJOY IT WHILE it lasts, he might have said. The dream could evaporate. Despite the outpouring of patriotic emotion and the outward show of national unity, with political leaders of all shades of opinion joining the government in celebrating the return of the islands, the country's real problems remain untouched—and as intractable as ever. Privately, the politicians express their loathing of the military. They believe that the wave of popularity will eventually wash the military away in a flood tide of populism. Some politicians are talking of elections by July of next year.

What remains to be seen is whether the military can achieve a victory. But even success in reclaiming the islands will not, it seems, change the popular verdict that the armed forces have failed in every other way. The economy is in ruins, with the peso devaluing at such a phenomenal rate that today it is worth only one-fifth of its value a year ago. Inflation, already at a world record level, is again accelerating from its current annual rate of 130 percent.

The question, therefore, seems to be whether the military can negotiate a reasonably graceful exit after a military triumph or whether it will have to beat a hasty retreat if humiliated by the British. There is still some euphoria left in Argentina—but it is quickly draining away. A few voices of reason, like Argentina's great writer Jorge Luis Borges, may soon be heard. Borges's doom-laden message has not been made public in Argentina, although otherwise (at least until the British retook South Georgia) the press has been surprisingly free. Borges, who had welcomed the military rulers as "a government of gentlemen, at last," when they seized power in March 1976, said, "They have deprived us of our liberty, our national wealth. Now they are trying to deprive us of our honor."

It took at least three years for Borges, who is old and blind, to change his mind about the military. For him the change came when he talked to a group of mothers whose sons and daughters had been abducted by security forces. Most Argentines are still unaware of the nature of the regime they live under. They still cannot really believe that so many people have just "disappeared"—the euphemism for the killing not only of thousands of the regime's vicious terrorist enemies but also of hundreds, maybe thousands, of innocents who were sucked up by the military's death machine. They have not yet realized that torture has become commonplace under the military. They do not know that, where justice for political dissidents is concerned, Argentina is still a black hole.

Today Argentines are buoyed by the emotion of a dream realized—a magnified version of Argentina's victory in the 1978 World Soccer Cup. They are taking part in a great adventure. They believe, because their President has told them so, that the world is with them. They are only now starting to wonder whether the military has been duping them by lulling their fears that a real war might develop. The propaganda has gone on, telling them that the armada steaming south was the last bluff of the British.

After all, the military occupation of the islands had seemed unlikely to cause any more trouble than the amateur efforts during the past twenty years to establish an Argentine presence on the islands. The other "invasions" were laughably bloodless and a lot of fun: first a jingoistic newspaper proprietor flew from the mainland in a single-engine plane to plant the Argentine flag on the Malvinas; then a group of young left-wing parodists hijacked an Argentine airliner and forced the pilot to land on the islands, after which they surrendered without bloodshed; then, only six years ago, the same newspaper proprietor attempted to raise a private army among his readers to "reconquer" the islands. He got as far as chartering planes for his people's army, but his endeavor was stamped out by a Peronist government that believed that populism could be carried too far.

THE CRUNCH has come now, because, in the same way that the military forces set up the terror in fighting terrorism, they have escalated the irrationality that has been an increasing factor in Argentine public life for the past fifty years.

This has come about in part because the military has been misled by its own manipulation of the press. It has come to believe its own disinformation. Military leaks, claiming that the Reagan Administration would support the Argentine takeover of the islands in return for the lease of a military base, began to appear in the press in January. The military, lusting for a war of glory to make up for the dirty war it fought against left-wing terrorists, chose an easy way out. The war it really wanted was with Chile—in order to seize three islands in the Beagle Channel awarded to Chile by the World Court. It was prevented by the intervention of Pope John Paul II. So a war with Britain, at much less cost and with a greater prize, was irresistible.

Even with Argentina and Britain "technically at war," as Argentine Foreign Minister Nicanor Costa Méndez admitted, it seems impossible to believe that

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such a great and glittering adventure could end in tragedy. The secret to believing this lies in not knowing—or, as in the case of the civilian diplomats, not wanting to know—the reality that the military leaders hope to cover up forever. For Argentina, a traditionally pacifist nation, a country that has not known a real war in one hundred years, anything, even a bloody shootout, may seem preferable to reality.

For many, the dream hasn't worked for some time now. Among the signs in the plaza on Galtieri's glorious Friday were some that read, "The Malvinas are Argentine, so are our missing children. Liberate the islands, liberate our children." The signs were carried by the Mothers of Plaza de Mayo, women whose children have been "disappeared" by the security forces. For them the dream is cruel and the patriotic slogans of the mob are uncaring and anti-Argentine. They do not know whether to be more fearful that the fate of their children will be forgotten in defeat or overlooked in victory. The unspoken fear in Argentina today is that under victorious generals the future will be bleak not only for the mothers of the missing and for human rights, but for everyone who will not dream the approved dream.

ROBERT COX

Robert Cox, editor of the *Buenos Aires Herald* from 1969 to 1979, is assistant editor of the *News and Courier*, Charleston, South Carolina.

The new federalism flunks the cottage cheese test.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BREAKDOWN

BY TIMOTHY NOAH

LAST JANUARY President Reagan announced in his State of the Union address that his next major undertaking would be "to make government again accountable to the people, to make our system of federalism work again." Two months later he was traveling to state legislatures around the country, citing the twin promises of the new federalism: greater equity and greater accountability. Even Reagan had to concede that the equity record of state government was spotted with "mistakes or corruption." A cloud passed over Oklahoma City as the President explained these away with the tepid affirmation, "Such disclosures are evidence that the system is working. When all you're hearing is good news, that's the time you should start to wonder." (For a fuller explanation of the equity issue, see "The Withering Away of the States," by Michael Kinsley, TNR, March 28, 1981.) But the accountability argument seemed unassailable. "The underlying purpose of our whole federalism initiative is to wrest control of government from the hands of special interests and return it to the American people," Reagan told a roomful of Montgomery legislators.

> Think about it. In today's tangle of overlapping federal agencies, departments, and regulations, who really is accountable? Who can people take their troubles to? And if you do find a sympathetic listener, will it really do you any good? If you have a problem with, say, the quality of instruction in your son or daughter's grade school, who's to blame? The teacher? The principal? The city superintendent? The state superintendent? The governor? The courts? The federal bureaucracy? Or the President?

The answer, of course, is (or should be) the teacher. It follows that if you have a problem with the government, the logical first step is to talk not to a member of Congress, but to someone more local—say, a state representative or state senator. This is because the latter's range of responsibilities is limited to the state, just as a teacher's range of responsibilities is limited to the classroom. The smaller the turf, the greater the attention paid each inhabitant.

To guarantee that state governments don't become remote from the public, most of them maintain the tradition of the "citizen legislature." The citizen legislature is characterized by low salaries and the absence of personal staffs. Members of these legislatures are generally paid less than they can afford to live on—usually under $11,000—and are expected to spend at least half their time doing something else. A handful of legislatures meet biennially, and many others even follow the agrarian tradition of convening after harvest season and recessing in early spring, though law has long since replaced farming as the leading profession among state legislators. The citizen legislature has fallen into disrepute among liberals because it is based on the idea of limited, amateur government. Some of the more politically sophisticated states—New York and California, for instance, and to a lesser extent

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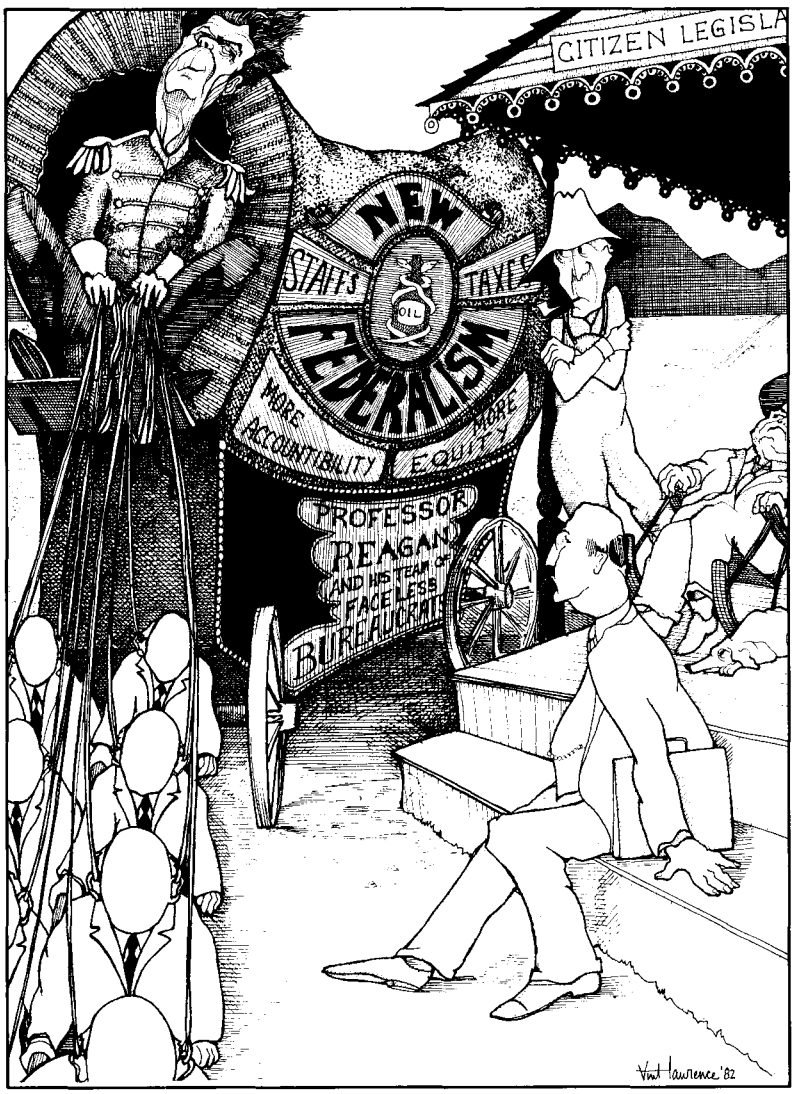
Massachusetts and Illinois—have discarded the tradition in favor of a full-time, professional approach. But there's a lot to be said for measuring government accountability by what Cleta Deatherage, a Democratic legislator from Oklahoma, calls the "cottage cheese test." "I get my best information over the cottage cheese counter at the grocery store," Deatherage says. "People say we should be more like Congress and meet all the time. I think Congress should be more like us." So, presumably, does Ronald Reagan. But the practical effect of the new federalism will likely be the opposite. As more responsibilities are dropped into the laps of citizen legislators, they will find—as, indeed, they are already finding—that less time remains to linger over the checkout counter.

One of the better places to observe this paradox is the Colorado General Assembly, where I spent several days early last month talking to citizen legislators who are now spending longer sessions in the state capital. The state is undergoing what State Representative David Skaggs, a Democratic lawyer from Boulder, describes as "adolescence," a transition from rural to urban. Over half the state's nearly three million residents now live in the Denver-Boulder metropolitan area. "We're having to deal with problems that come from having a lot of people living real close to each other," Skaggs explains. Much of the increase is attributable to the influx of oil and mineral companies to Denver, particularly in the past six years. They have been drawn by the nearby Western Slope and its rich deposits of oil, shale, uranium, and low-sulfur coal. The transformation is vividly illustrated in the proliferation of cranes twirling high above the capitol dome; Seventeenth Street in downtown Denver looks like a postmodern Avenue of the Americas. As a consequence of all this growth, the legislature is busier than it used to be. Neither the Republican majority nor the Democratic minority is very happy about this.

Republicans tend to complain that the increased number of days they spend at the capital cuts into the pursuit of their private careers back in the district. Colorado's legislature alternates between long sessions in odd-numbered years and short sessions (called "governor's call" because the governor sets the agenda) in even-numbered years. Before 1965, the long sessions ran about ninety days. Now they run roughly one hundred and sixty days. Some of the increase may be due to procedural inefficiency, but much of it is simply the result of a broadened agenda. In 1965 the legislature concerned itself largely with trivial issues such as blue laws and trading stamps. Although it hasn't lost interest in such matters—the greatest excitement I witnessed on the floor of the House came during debates over state lottery and drunken driving bills—increasingly the General Assembly has concentrated on meatier issues, such as hazardous waste treatment, severance taxes, and education assistance. Fred Anderson, the Republican president of the Senate, thinks the legislature's new responsibilities are all to the good. As for the new federalism, "I think there's a real opportunity." But Anderson won't run in the next election; he's going back to Larimer to be a full-time farmer.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Anderson may not be a fair example of the homesick Republican. He has, after all, served sixteen years, far longer than most of his colleagues. In a legislature with a 30-percent biennial turnover, that's quite a record. Perhaps more to the point is the example of John Hamlin, an electrical contractor whose district stretches northeast from Denver. Hamlin's bouts of indecision over running for reelection have become a ritual; he is currently mulling over a sixth term. Ham-

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lin figures he spends about half of his time in the capital. When the legislature is in session, he drives home to Fort Morgan on weekends to oversee the business he started with his brother in 1949 and intends to pass on to his son. Hamlin's company installs electrical pole lines, some of them as far afield as Grant, Nebraska, and Pine Bluffs, Wyoming. Investments have to be made in such machinery as trenchers and hydraulic diggers. Crews have to be assembled. Meetings have to be arranged with clients. Most of this work is now of necessity performed by his son. "He's running the business pretty well," Hamlin says, "but I want to be available to make appointments for him." Ten years ago, Hamlin spent two days a month in Denver when the legislature wasn't in session to attend "interim committee meetings and such as that." Now that's up to at least one day a week. And then there are the more traditional, unofficial obligations to attend school board meetings, chamber of commerce meetings, realtors' meetings, city council meetings, the annual Farm Bureau picnics, and so on. All this leaves Hamlin very little time to behave like an ordinary citizen.

The Democrats, however, are inclined to say that the legislative schedule requires too much time for private pursuits. Not that they don't feel the same pressure. Federico Pena, the House minority leader, has more or less given up the family law practice he started a few years before he entered the legislature in 1979. He won't run for reelection next fall. Regis Groff, the Senate minority leader, may not either. Groff works for the Denver public school system, and finds it difficult to make ends meet for his family. Representative David Skaggs, the lawyer from Boulder, is still a freshman, so he tends to complain less. But even Skaggs thinks the demands of the job are unreasonable. When these Democrats discuss the faults of the current system, the solution they lean toward isn't a shortening of legislative sessions but an increase in salary and staff.

IT IS DISHEARTENING to see progressive legislators promote measures that would put more distance between themselves and their constituents. Why do they support higher salaries? One reason is self-interest; these men are clearly looking beyond the citizen legislature to professional government careers. Skaggs has served in Washington as an administrative assistant to U.S. Representative Tim Wirth, and sees service in the Colorado legislature as a way to "slide into" politics "on a part-time basis." Once he has tested the waters, it wouldn't be surprising to see him run for full-time office. Groff and Pena have become active in national political organizations—Groff is on the executive committee of the National Conference of State Legislatures, Pena sat on the Democratic National Committee's Hunt Commission—and have thus become known in wider Democratic circles as able politicians. (They are especially prized because Groff is black and Pena Chicano.) A likely reason for Pena's departure from the House is that he will run for mayor of Denver. All three men clearly have a stake in spending more rather than less time widening their political bases. And that's more easily accomplished in the General Assembly than it is at the cottage cheese counter back home.

As for the Democratic hunger for increased staffing, that too smacks of self-interest. Pena insists that the breadth of a legislator's knowledge "could only be enhanced" with a personal staff to accord more time for leisurely study of the issues. I reminded Pena that if he hadn't made the effort to do some independent digging on property taxes, but had instead delegated the job to a staff, he might never have discovered that a recent massive increase in Denver rents wasn't attributable to the property tax on apartment houses. The discovery helped him decide against giving landlords a tax break, a daring political move that I saw him defend before a wary group of lower-income renters at a community center in northeast Denver. Pena was clearly proud of his investigative work, and the fact that he got his information firsthand seemed reassuring to his audience, and may even have helped win over a few. But he insists that few of his fellow legislators are willing or able to make that sort of effort. Perhaps he's right. Still, most of the legislators I observed seemed at least vaguely conversant in the details of the laws they make, a claim that can't often be made in Washington. If they were permitted to have others shape the issues for them, how many would really benefit from their "leisurely study"?

WE HAVE, THEN, two extremes in Colorado: Republicans like John Hamlin, whose selfish interest in his electrical contracting business keeps him close to constituents, and Democrats like Federico Pena, whose selfish interest in becoming a professional politician might draw him away from his constituents. Whose career would benefit from Ronald Reagan's new federalism? That of the liberal Democrat, of course. If the workload of the Colorado legislature were to balloon as the new federalism would have it balloon—the General Assembly is already shouldering a greater burden of many social services, including Medicaid, thanks to the new system of block grants—it seems more than likely that Pena would get his year-round salary (he'd like $40,000 to $50,000) and his personal staff. In short, a professional legislature. When you ask Republicans in Colorado about such possibilities, they point proudly to their state's vigilant efforts at holding taxation and spending in check. But at the time of my visit they were scrambling to hold to their 7-percent spending growth cap, while fretting that the previous year's tax reduction might result in a deficit, which is forbidden by the state's constitution. These antics can be expected to take up more and more

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of their time as federal dollars dwindle. Under the new federalism, it seems inevitable that Colorado would seek professional help.

If the Democrats seem eager to hasten the demise of the citizen legislature, it isn't entirely out of devious careerism. Liberals such as Pena have one good argument for a full-time salary and one slightly less persuasive argument for increased staffing. The need for a salary boost arises from the fact that, in the words of Colorado politico Sam Brown, "legislative politics has the potential to become a rich man's game." When Pena first ran for the House, he spent about $7,000 on his campaign. Now that cost is up to $15,000 or $20,000. To a legislator who may not be guaranteed a salary above $14,000, that may price him out of the market.

THE ARGUMENT for increased staffing is that it would place a healthy buffer between legislators and the state's admittedly powerful lobbyists. The hammerlock which the cattlemen and mining companies have on the Colorado legislature makes Reagan's promise to "wrest control of government from the hands of special interests and return it to the American people" seem fatuous. When Republican House Speaker Carl "Bev" Bledsoe, a rancher, needed nine men to serve on a committee to recommend changes in the property tax law, he did not choose a single homeowner. Instead, he chose lobbyists from the Colorado Cattlemen's Association, AMAX Inc. (mining), and a variety of other, mostly probusiness, groups. Cindy Parmenter of the *Denver Post* asked Dave Rice, the lobbyist for the cattlemen, why that particular group had been chosen. Rice replied, "Whatever we recommend as the solution, it's got to get through the legislature. If the same group opposed it, it probably wouldn't get through." There are fewer examples of this sort of deference on the Democratic side, but liberals aren't immune to special interests either. Senator Paul Sandoval, a Chicano, expressed his disapproval of Democratic Governor Dick Lamm's insufficient enthusiasm for bilingual education by voting against him on a number of bills that followed. In a state where the governor's authority is relatively weak and that of the Republican legislature relatively strong, such behavior is peculiarly self-destructive.

But it is naive to argue that increased staffing will somehow dilute the influence of special interests by warding off lobbyists. Again, the federal legislature has shown that this simply is not true. It may even be argued that in some cases personal staffs make the problem worse, disguising the influence of lobbyists behind the facade of independent inquiry.

Both of the above problems—the cost of campaigning and reliance on lobbyists—would be corrected more effectively by a greater effort on the part of the national parties to contribute to local campaigns than by the abolition of the citizen legislature. This is an area that has been largely unexplored by the Democrats. Of the Democratic legislators I spoke with in Colorado, none had received over $250 from the Democratic National Committee. Indeed, most of them had received nothing at all. Ann Lewis of the DNC confesses, "We have not taken [state politics] as seriously as we should." The most obvious reason is lack of money. But if some of the money allocated to training seminars and "strategy sessions" were put directly into the campaign kitties of legislators like Pena, Skaggs, and Groff—just the sort of "human capital" the Democratic Party says it wants to invest in—the General Assembly would be less likely to become a rich man's legislature. Their financial troubles wouldn't go away; Groff, for instance, would still have to worry about how to feed his family. But the worrying would keep him working for the Denver public schools, where he is regularly forced to examine firsthand the consequences of Republican thrift. There can be little doubt that this experience makes Regis Groff a better state senator. In any case, it is hard to imagine a state legislator starving when his competence and influence are continually on display in the local newspapers and television news shows. As for reliance on lobbyists, this too might be eased if Republicans and Democrats alike were weaned from special-interest campaign contributions by receiving more generous DNC and RNC contributions. The Democratic Party, after all, stands for a good deal more than bilingual education. And the Republican Party stands for at least a *bit* more than AMAX Inc.

This suggestion, of course, presupposes that the citizen legislature is worth saving. Ronald Reagan's attempt to reward this style of government with increased responsibilities is sadly self-defeating. He is correct to praise state government for its greater accountability. But the new federalism paradoxically will take legislators whose prime virtue is that they aren't completely occupied with governmental chores and turn them into professionals completely occupied with the business of governing. The result will not be government closer to the people, but government whose representatives are too busy to mingle with the people, as they have until now.

Both Republicans and Democrats fail to see that if there is any virtue at all in our federal system, it does not lie in the redundancy of state and federal government, but in the unique role of each. One governs in the specific interest of the state, the other in the broad national interest. State and federal legislators inevitably see the world differently. As one long-time observer of Colorado politics put it to me, "When a Congressman returns to the district, he tells his constituents what's happening in Washington. When a state rep returns to his district, he asks the voters what's happening there." Neither well-meaning progressives nor less generous supporters of the new federalism should support any governmental "reforms" that would blur that distinction.

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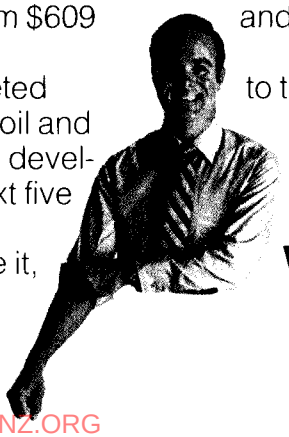

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Paris When It Dazzles

"Intentional fallacy" be damned. For fifty years some critical theorists have maintained that it's fallacious for critics to try to fathom the artist's intentions, the workings of his mind as he created. But almost from the start of Jean-

Diva
(United Artists Classics)

Jacques Beineix's delightful *Diva*, all the while I was enjoying it, I found myself wondering—unashamedly—about his intentions, his point of departure. Had he started with the wish to make a thriller, perhaps even this thriller, and then thought of ways to make it look extraordinary? Or had he started with some ideas of color, including color of skins, some ways of looking at Paris, some chords of character combination, some concept of terror interwoven with farce, of classical art in a pop art milieu, and then found a vehicle that would utilize these visions?

I don't know the novel, written by the singularly named Delacorta, on which Beineix and Jean Van Hamme based the script, but I'm not sure that if I did know it, the question would be answered. Beineix still might have chosen the novel, not so much because he particularly wanted to film that story as because it enabled his visual and other powers to explode. One advantage of the genre film—thriller, Western, sci-fi, and so on—is that the form is, quintessentially, given; the artist then can concentrate on decoration and elaboration. In *Diva*, for instance, there's one very long shot of the young hero and a beautiful black woman walking in ravishing blue light across the horizon, carrying a dappled white umbrella; there's another shot that's a splendid "still life," a close-up of a white enameled coffee pot and two red apples on a breakfast tray. These shots could have been in a dozen other films, a dozen other kinds of film. Did the novel/script evoke them from Beineix? Or was he looking for a chance to use his imaginative treasury, and thus chose a subject that would, in a sense, not give him much trouble?

This is not remotely to suggest that the plot is a drag: it's very entertaining. It has elements of the American crime thriller, gallicized (a familiar phenomenon); of Truffaut's adoration of the adoration of women; of René Clair's somehow affectionate farce tangles; of the fresh *pâtisserie* "smell" of early Philippe de Broca. Still *Diva* is not fundamentally about its story, it's about the materials that the story allows Beineix to bring into being.

Frédéric Andrei, an actor unknown to me—as are Beineix and all his actors—plays a young Parisian motorcycle messenger. Actually, a moped messenger. Andrei, whose face and manner are almost anachronistically quiet, might be seen as a modern Mercury, except that (as I recall) he never smiles. He is mad about classical music, particularly the singing of an American black soprano, played by the American black soprano, Wilhelmenia Wiggins Fernandez. Though she is internationally famous, she has never made a commercial recording or even heard her own voice because—well, some reasons are given, but the real reason is that the plot needs this twist. At a Paris recital of hers, Andrei records an aria on a machine concealed in a bag on his lap. (The aria is from Catalani's *La Wally*, an 1892 opera now ignored but so loved by Toscanini that he named his daughter after the heroine.)

Andrei's act of recording is espied by two Taiwanese men sitting behind him, men who happen to be in the pirated-recording trade. They tail Andrei. Next day when Andrei is parked outside the Gare St. Lazare on business, a woman comes out of the station, chased by two killers, and ditches a cassette in his moped bag, a tape that indicts a police inspector as head of a vice ring. The killers then chase Andrei for the crime tape, which he doesn't know he has, while the Taiwanese men dog him for the operatic tape.

That's enough of the plot. Here are some of the characters whom the plot makes possible—in addition to Andrei, who moves through the film with solemn passions and solemn fears. There's a captivating teenage Vietnamese girl, Thuy An Luu, who supports herself by minor thefts done charmingly and who lives with a fortyish French veteran of Vietnam who apparently brought her back with him when she was a child. That veteran, Richard Bohringer, lives in a loft so large that the girl glides around it on roller skates, while Bohringer sits meditating, does jigsaw puzzles, and in general inhabits an abstracted world. When the plot compels him to go into action, he does it with the icy precision of a trained and experienced killer, which tells us that he now spends most of his time in meditation because he *was* a killer. (At one point Bohringer shows Andrei how to slice a whole baguette lengthwise and butter it as an act of Zen—movements that are minimal, lovely, and oddly frightening.) The Taiwanese duo are shrewd robots. There's an attractive blonde detective who figures importantly in the finale. And there's Fernandez, a lustrous ebony goddess.

The light brown skin of the Vietnamese girl, the lemony Taiwanese, the sculptured black of Fernandez are elements of the film that the thriller-arma-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Diner. Baltimore, 1959. Six young men "hanging out" together on the edge of maturity. Occasionally contrived, utterly sexist, colloquially pungent and funny.

Mephisto. Germany, 1930s. The rise and reign of an actor-director under Hitler (based on fact). Not quite the moral parable it wanted to be, but vivid and full of energy.

Some Kind of Hero. Los Angeles, 1970s. A former P.O.W. in Vietnam is jostled into crime by injustice. So-so script exalted by the talents of Richard Pryor, never completely comic, never completely serious.

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ture makes possible, as are the two killers, one Hispanic, the other with crew-cut yellow hair. And through their midst weaves the muted Andrei, loving his classical music and living on the upper floor of an abandoned garage surrounded by crunched cars and a huge mural of cars, nesting in pop art while his soul sings a long classical line. Next to that contradiction are others: the meditator who can kill; the two survivors of war, a child and a soldier; the singer who has devoted her career to impermanence in an age of recording; the corruptions of colonialism (Vietnam); the brigandage of business (the recording pirates); the cruel corruption of a police inspector; the cool beauty of the detective who fires the climactic shots. Linking all these contradictory realities are some items that strain belief. The Vietnam veteran just happens to own an abandoned lighthouse, which can be used as a hideaway when needed. Andrei rides his moped down the steps into the Métro and on to a train, to no one's amazement. The day after he is shot in the back, he is out again hustling and battling. These seem to be the dues that Beineix is paying to thrillerdom just so that he can present the characters who interest him; and so that he can look at Paris, with his responsive cinematographer, Philippe Rousselot, in a "high fashion" way that hasn't been touched since Ray June shot *Funny Face* in 1957 under the supervision of Richard Avedon.

Romance may be a better word for *Diva* than thriller, because, for all the twistings of the double-chase plot, the explosions, and the murders, it's the worship of Fernandez by Andrei, with the balletic lives of the Vietnamese girl and her protector as counterpoint, that seems the real base of the work, that supports its moving conclusion. But whatever the film's genre, the man who made it seems to have chosen to make an entertainment because an entertainment would enable him to be serious in the way he wanted to be serious. Which was not with words.

Beineix has been an assistant director for ten years. This is his first feature. I have little hope for him. *Diva* is such a cascade of (presumably) long-stored ideas that one or two films may drain him, as they have done other sparkling debutants. My strongest hope about him is that I'm wrong in hoping for so little.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

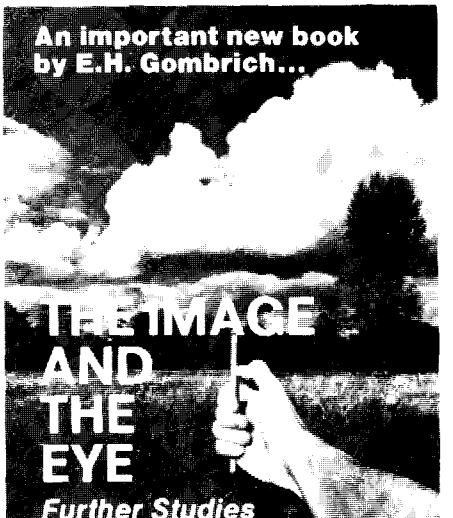
Plays of the Transition

One thing about the stage, it sure soaks up the mood of an age. I don't mean that plays always engage or challenge the time directly, though the best ones do, but rather that the theater can't avoid functioning as a barometer of national weather. Thus Reagan's nostalgia for the lost virtues of the Coolidge Age is underscored by revivals of the musical hits of the past, many of them starring the same (aging) actors, and thus the nation's fatigue with social and political problems is reflected in such works as *Talley's Folly* or *Crimes of the Heart*, whose goose-down regional romanticism is perfectly tailored to an insulated conservative climate. It's not that these plays are politically reactionary; as a matter of fact, like most Broadway fare, they are informed by a determinedly liberal consciousness. But in common with our leader, the commercial theater tends to regard questions of poverty and unemployment as having significance only to the citizens of South Succotash. Lately, however, there have been signs of growing apprehension over present policies, both economic and nuclear. As the electorate begins to remove the sleepers from its eyes and shake itself awake, the stage is bound to get more active, too.

The Great Grandson of Jedediah Kohler
by John Bishop

The Dining Room
by A. R. Gurney

Admittedly, there aren't many activist plays around at present; what we



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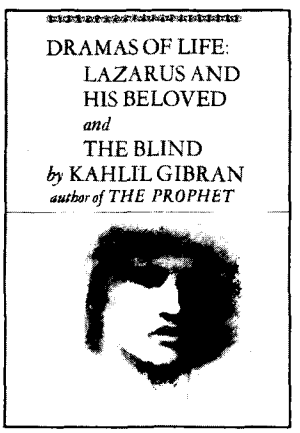

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have instead are transitional works. It's possible again to mention the Vietnam conflict (*How I Got That Story*) or corporate greed (*Lydie Breeze*), but only if you pretend you're writing vaudeville or comedy; and if you want to deal with racial conflict (*A Soldier's Play*), you'd better stay at the level of a television suspense movie in the morally ambivalent tradition of *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*. The received wisdom today is that most theatergoers are not yet ready to spend their "entertainment dollar" on any issue vaguely familiar from the evening news, which suggests why playwrights foolhardy enough to touch on real subjects usually try to keep the aspidistra flying.

I ADMIT it's unfair to read intentions, but I can't think of any other explanation for the tepidness of John Bishop's new play, *The Great Grandson of Jedediah Kohler*, or the circumstances of its presentation. Produced by the Circle Repertory Company at Entermedia, this new play was designed to be performed in rotating repertory with Marshall Mason's production of *Richard II*, as part of the theater's annual effort to justify its name. The Shakespeare production, however, while open to the public, was withdrawn from review by the press because the management was dissatisfied with its quality. I am consequently not in a position to evaluate how well the company functions in different performance styles, which the exercise presumably was designed to demonstrate. Instead, the theater is once more offering critics a single project, and not a very strong one at that, strengthening a suspicion that Circle Rep, while always enterprising and professional, remains confused about its artistic purpose—whether to create a permanent ensemble with its own identity and audience or to generate critically approved products for the commercial market.

Jedediah Kohler is different in style from the Rep's customary "lyrical realism," but it has a similar softness at the center, and maintains the same athletic posture, knees flexed for a jump uptown. Bishop has a large subject—the deterioration of heroism in modern American life—which he treats as if arranging book material for a sophisticated Broadway musical. Much of the dialogue, though witty enough and occasionally satirical, has that outfront declarative note that usually signals the orchestra to start up a song, and most of the actors, under the direction of Mr. Mason and John Bard Manulis, throw witticisms at each other as if they were auditioning for Bob Fosse.

The play is structured like a swank version of *Our Town*. Before the lights come down, a figure in a dress suit who seems about to announce a cast change proceeds to address the audience regarding the setting and the "psychological background." He identifies himself as Death, lying in wait for the hero, the great-grandson of a famous Western hero. The original Kohler was involved in a gunfight at the "Oak St. Corral"; his descendant is a "creative" figure in an advertising agency, noted for an award-winning documentary for the AMA called "What To Do When Your Doctor Dies." The contemporary Kohler goes through the usual suburban tribulations, including adultery, marital crisis, self-doubt, and searching conversations with his weight-lifting brother, a fugitive from the Vietnam War. Jed has been assigned to create an advertising campaign for a new amphibious automobile—a "subcompact yacht"—that is a danger to life and the environment. Death, who passes the time tending bar when he is not flirting with the audience ("I made note of all of you who were smoking during intermission"), keeps waiting for Jed to engage in a final showdown with the corrupt automobile company and shoot down his own campaign. By turning into his own great-grandfather, Jed will expose his own mortality, and Death will then be able to enshroud this contemporary Wyatt Earp in the folds of his dark cape.

THREADED throughout the unconvincing action are interludes featuring Jed's legendary ancestor, who is intended to embody the same ruthless frontier individualism as Uncle Ben in *Death of a Salesman*, and there are nice satirical thrusts at the contrast between Western gunfights and the catfights in company board rooms. Bishop has an ear for the solipsisms and neologisms of organization men as they try to "interface and be synergistic within parameters," and he has some fun with one particularly confused character who can't even keep his clichés straight ("Let sleeping dogs live." "No man lives in Islip"). As expected, Jed manages to have his heroic moment without getting killed, whereupon Death makes a grumpy exit, muttering, "I don't know; maybe I should get out of show busi-

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ness." The more relevant question is whether show business should get out of Death, and all the other heavy questions so gingerly juggled in this musicless musical comedy.

A. R. Gurney's *The Dining Room* at Playwrights Horizons has been called a WASP version of *Table Settings*, which is another way of saying that at these meals the manners will be elegant and the food won't cause heartburn. Set in a traditional dining room with candelabra and mirrors, and a group of Georgian chairs placed around a polished table, the play dramatizes the domestic crises that usually afflict families during lunch and dinner. The problem is that neither the crises nor the families are particularly interesting; the play seems more an exercise in WASP sociology than an act of theatrical imagination.

To be fair, the playwright is less interested in dramatic confrontations than in depicting, through a technique of kaleidescopic time warps, the manners and morals of a dying aristocratic class. The play is full of convincing nostalgia for the passing of a decent old world, and tolerant resignation (less convincing) over what is coming to replace it. "Some Irish fellow or Jewish gentleman will be sitting in that chair—and your grandson will be back at the plough," remarks one crustacean before remembering to add, "and that won't be such a bad thing either." It is the noblesse oblige of Renoir's *Grand Illusion*, where the aristocratic French officer ends up sacrificing his life for Jewish and working-class comrades, though he feels much more kinship with his noble German counterpart. I was more persuaded by another scene in which a young Amherst student, "studying the eating habits of various vanishing cultures—the WASPs of Northeastern United States," is thrown out of the room by his Aunt Harriet, who threatens to "cut off his anthropological balls."

Much more affectionately, Gurney is also studying the eating habits of vanishing Americans. As played by a cast of eight, who transform (sometimes too cutely) into children, young people, middle-aged people, and oldsters, *The Dining Room* is a short course in what to do with finger bowls, how to make butter balls, and when to use the Waterford crystal. Included are Norman Rockwell-like samplers in which the children can be heard serenading grandmother in three-part harmony, poignant vignettes showing grandfa-

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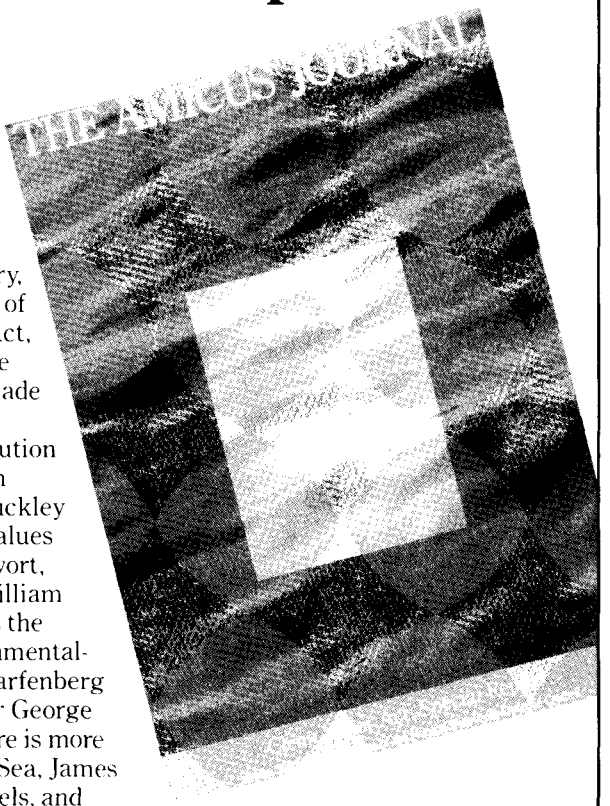

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ther instructing his son about his own funeral arrangements, and tense family meetings in which father goes down to the club to defend the family honor against the boors who insulted homosexual Uncle Harry in the steam bath (I was reminded of Ashley Wilkes preparing to ride out against the ruffians who assaulted Scarlett O'Hara). The playwright recognizes the futility of mourning dead manners, so his elegy is often tempered with a shrug. The writing is refined, deliberate, and economical; it is also, unfortunately, thin and colorless, as if the maid had substituted water for the ink.

DESERT MIRAGE

The House of Saud: The Rise and Rule of the Most Powerful Dynasty in the Arab World by David Holden and Richard Johns

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 569 pp., $19.95)

Saudi Arabia in the 1980s: Foreign Policy, Security and Oil by William B. Quandt

(The Brookings Institution, 190 pp., $22.95, $8.95 paper)

One of the perennial lesser mysteries of our day is why it is that so many British writers on the Middle East succumb to a schoolgirlish romanticism about the Arabs, a romanticism that all too often leads them, consciously or unconsciously, into the shallows, and sometimes the deeps, of mendacity. The supreme example of the breed, of course, was T. E. Lawrence, who in his overblown *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* not only distorted the truth in order to inflate the importance of the Arab Revolt and of his own part in it, but also saw fit to traduce the honor and reputation of the British, Australian, Indian, and New Zealand troops that fought and died in the Palestine campaign from 1916 to 1918.

Lawrence has had his literary imitators by the score since then, although few of them have hazarded their lives or endured great privations, as he undeniably did. As a community, they profess a simple canon of belief, habitually couched in emotional terms: shame at Britain's imperial past and their own remote association with it by virtue of their nationality; an anxious deference toward the sensibilities of their Arab clients; and a muted hysteria in the indignation they envince in support of those clients' grievances, notably concerning the establishment of the state of Israel. There is, however, a deeper pathology involved here, born of Britain's fallen place in the world, her declining wealth and influence, and the resentment and chagrin which this has provoked among sections of Britain's political and intellectual classes. Impotence has bred self-loathing, which in turn finds perverse expression in deriding Britain's former eminence and truckling to those, especially the *nouveaux riches* of Asia and Africa, over whom she once lorded it. Too many Britons today are playing not latterday Greeks to the Romans, as Harold Macmillan once blithely characterized his country's future relationship with the U.S., but rather Romans to Alaric's Goths.

The House of Saud, by two British journalists specializing in the Middle East—the late David Holden of the *Sunday Times* and Richard Johns of the *Financial Times*—has an undercurrent of these sentiments running through it, subdued at times, all too prominent at others. The book was originally Holden's conception, and he had written something over a quarter of it when he was murdered by unidentified gunmen for unknown reasons on the road from Cairo airport to the city in December 1977. Johns then undertook to carry the book through to completion, a task which he accomplished in the summer of 1981.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. The old injunction still has some force to it, although one is hard put to follow it in Holden's case, since he has largely forfeited his claim to its protection by the contempt he himself displays for many of the men, long since dead and gone, who pass through his pages. The chapters he contributed to the book deal with the vicissitudes of the House of Saud in the nineteenth century; the revival of its fortunes under the leadership of Abdul Aziz ibn Saud early in this century; his relations with the British, the Turks, and the Hashimites before and during World War I; his conquest of the Hijaz and much of the rest of these conquests into the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia; the discovery of oil; and the incipient stages of what was to become Saudi Arabia's "special relationship" with the United States.

All these events took place in a period when Britain was the paramount power in the Gulf region and elsewhere in the Middle East, a fact of history that Holden seems to find intolerable. He vents his annoyance at the phenomenon in a string of gibes and wisecracks at the British *raj* in India and the men who served it. As if the death of empire were not sufficient to satisfy him, he needs must desecrate its grave. But it is not only the vulgarities and gratuitous slurs with which he sprinkles his pages (not even the shade of Churchill escapes obloquy) that demonstrate Holden's unfitness as an historian. He also effectively disbars himself as a reliable guide to the past by making it all too obvious that he regards it, and everything connected with it, as quaint—whether it be the uniforms British officers wore, the vehicles they traveled in, the courtesies they extended to one another, or the pastimes they engaged in. His amusement, naturally, is strictly confined to Western apparel and activities: camels, head-ropes, and goatskin tents are exempt.

GIVEN HOLDEN'S approach, it is no surprise to find that his history of the Al Saud is a hodgepodge of fact and fiction, errors, and misinterpretations. Contrary to what his co-author, Johns, claims in his preface about Holden's "cutting through the clichés," his narrative is nothing more than a regurgitation of the standard pieties about Saudi Arabia. What fascinates him are anecdotes, gossip, and supposedly intimate glimpses of the home life of the Al

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Saud. For the hard grind of historical scholarship, the quest for accuracy, and the unraveling of the complex skein of motive, cause, and effect, he has neither the inclination nor the aptitude. Much of his historical narrative is valueless, his excursions and explanations misleading. His description of British relations with the Arabian peninsula in the last century is a travesty of the historical record. So, too, is his account of the Saudi emirate of Najd in the same period. He is wrong about the Al Saud's relationship with the Ottoman Turks in the years up to 1914; wrong about British policy toward the Ottoman Empire and the substance of the protracted negotiations between the two powers in these same years; wrong about the contents of the Anglo-Saudi treaty of 1915; wrong about important aspects of the Arab Revolt and British exchanges with its leaders; and wrong about a host of other matters great and small.

WHEN JOHNS takes up the story of the House of Saud in the late 1940s, there is a perceptible improvement in the quality of the narrative, which may be attributable in part to the fact that he does not have to delve into the distant past but can draw to some extent upon his own knowledge of events, especially from the mid-1960s onward. (Almost half the book is devoted to the years 1970-1980.) His description of the tribulations of the Arabian-American Oil Company in the postwar years and of the financial legerdemain practiced by the Saudi royal family in its transactions with the company is interesting, informative, and well done. So, too, is his depiction of the web of feuds and factions within the royal house in the latter years of the reign of the unfortunate King Saud from 1958 to 1964. He is explicit also about the fondness for liquor of several leading members of the Al Saud, even going so far as to categorize Fawwaz ibn Abdul Aziz, the Governor of Mecca, as "crapulous."

It is all the more surprising, therefore, that elsewhere he refrains from identifying Muhammed ibn Fahd, the son of the Crown Prince, as the principal beneficiary of some sharp practice by PETROMIN, the Saudi Arabian petroleum ministry, on the oil spot market in 1979 —even though his own newspaper had investigated the scheme at the time, and even though Johns himself, earlier in his book, names Muhammed ibn Fahd

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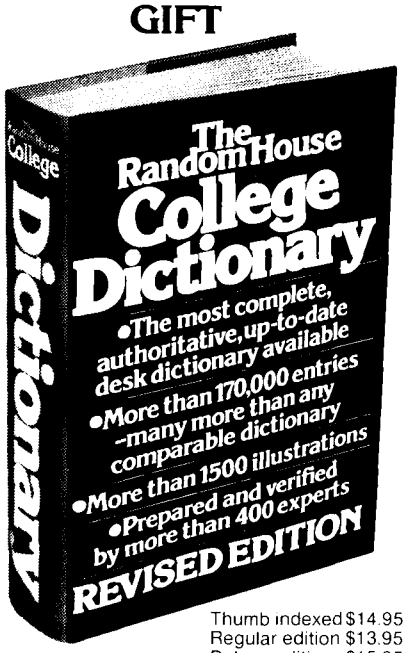
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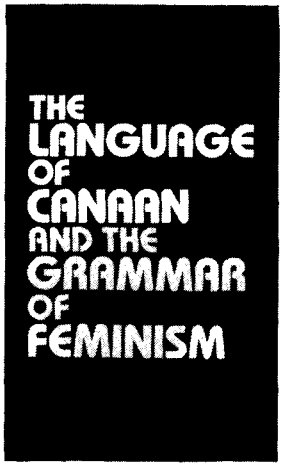

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as the recipient of $500 million in commissions extorted from the Phillips consortium in return for the award of a telecommunications contract. He may, of course, hold ambivalent views on the subject, for toward the close of his book he advances a less than convincing defense of corruption, Saudi style:

> The concept, as understood in the West, is hardly relevant to Saudi Arabia. Most of its inhabitants, from the humblest bedouin to the most urbane and worldly-wise merchant, consider anyone who does not profit from his status or ability to peddle influence foolish or incompetent.

Johns should try telling that to the more austere Wahabi divines, the keepers of the Saudi Arabian conscience.

In many respects Johns is cut from the same cloth as Holden. He cannot resist the flippant remark, the glib aspersion, presumably in the fond belief that they will be received as *obiter dicta*. Little attempt is made at analysis, scant effort to discern underlying trends or causes. Instead, Johns wanders over half the Middle East in a series of excursions whose sole purpose seems to be to allow him to get off his chest some of his opinions on a miscellany of subjects not strictly germane to his story.

CHIEF AMONG these are the Lebanese civil war and the Arab-Israeli dispute. On both issues he is anxious to demonstrate that he is on the side of the angels, i.e., the Muslim left in the Lebanese war and the Palestinians in the conflict with Israel. He flatters both Syria and Saudi Arabia for their constructive intervention in Lebanon (somehow he overlooks Qaddafi's meddling), even to the extent of portraying the Syrians as protectors of the Maronite Christians.

Johns's discussion of the Arab-Israeli dispute is permeated by a sour, even rancid, antipathy toward Israel. His sympathy for the Palestinians is equally marked, even to his scouting of their terrorist activities. He believes implicitly in the irresistible power of the Jewish lobby in the United States, and derides Congress as a Zionist cat's-paw. He chides successive administrations in Washington for not heeding the winks and nudges which the Saudis, among others, have been giving for some time about the possibility of a settlement of the Palestinian issue. It would be interesting to learn why Johns thinks he can interpret these assorted sibylline pronouncements correctly, and even more instructive to ascertain why he puts any faith in them. Whatever his motives may be for doing so, he can hardly be said to raise the level of debate about the Palestinian question by quoting with approval Nicholas von Hoffman's description (in the London *Spectator*) of Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin as a "homicidal dwarf."

ALTHOUGH HIS publishers declare Johns to be "an expert in oil politics and prices," there is not much evidence of expertise in those sections of his book devoted to these topics. His treatment is instead hurried, slipshod, and highly selective. This is especially true of his accounts of the confrontation between OPEC and the oil companies at Tehran in January and February 1971, and the imposition of the Arab oil embargo and production cuts in 1973. It is all too obvious that Johns cannot bring himself to castigate OPEC, or at least its Arab members, for its rapacity and its disgraceful record of broken agreements throughout the 1970s. His reluctance accurately reflects the attitude of the *Financial Times* toward the accumulation of OPEC's huge surplus revenues after 1973, a transfer of wealth that could readily be accommodated, so that newspaper constantly informed its readers, through the mystical process of "recycling."

Take only one instance: Johns reports a speech made by Yamani in London in June 1975, in the course of which the Saudi minister claimed that while Saudi Arabia was prepared to produce 8.5 million barrels of oil a day to oblige the Western world, her own revenue requirements could be met by the sale of 3.5 million barrels a day. Johns passes over this preposterous boast in silence, rather than subject it to the scrutiny it deserves (it is, after all, the principal argument that the Saudis have been making for nearly a decade to exact political concessions from the West). If he had compared Saudi Arabia's expenditures, including the large sums allocated to the 1975-to-1980 development program, with its oil revenues at the time, he would have come up with the disconcerting discovery that Yamani was lying. As things turned out, with oil production in the next three years fluctuating between seven million and nine million barrels a day, Saudi Arabia by 1978 was running a deficit on current account. It was this deficit which led her to seize the opportunity pre-

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sented by the curtailment of Iranian oil production at the end of 1978 to boost her own oil output and repair the financial damage done by waste and extravagance. Though Johns mentions the deficit in passing, he draws no connection between it and the surge in oil output and prices, in 1979. Instead he attributes the increase in production to the Saudis' unselfish readiness to meet the industrial world's energy requirements.

He ends his book on the same obsequious note. After covering the Islamic summit conference at Taif in January 1981 (and being "impressed by it"), he relates how he journeyed on to Riyadh, "pondering upon the future of the dynasty to which Islam, the West, and the rest of the civilized world owed so much." The sentiments uncannily echo those uttered exactly a year earlier by the Saudi Crown Prince, Fahd ibn Abdul Aziz, in an interview with a Lebanese newspaper correspondent, when he expansively declaimed: "Western civilization from A to Z chiefly relies on the kingdom." Flummery so rich defies all comment.

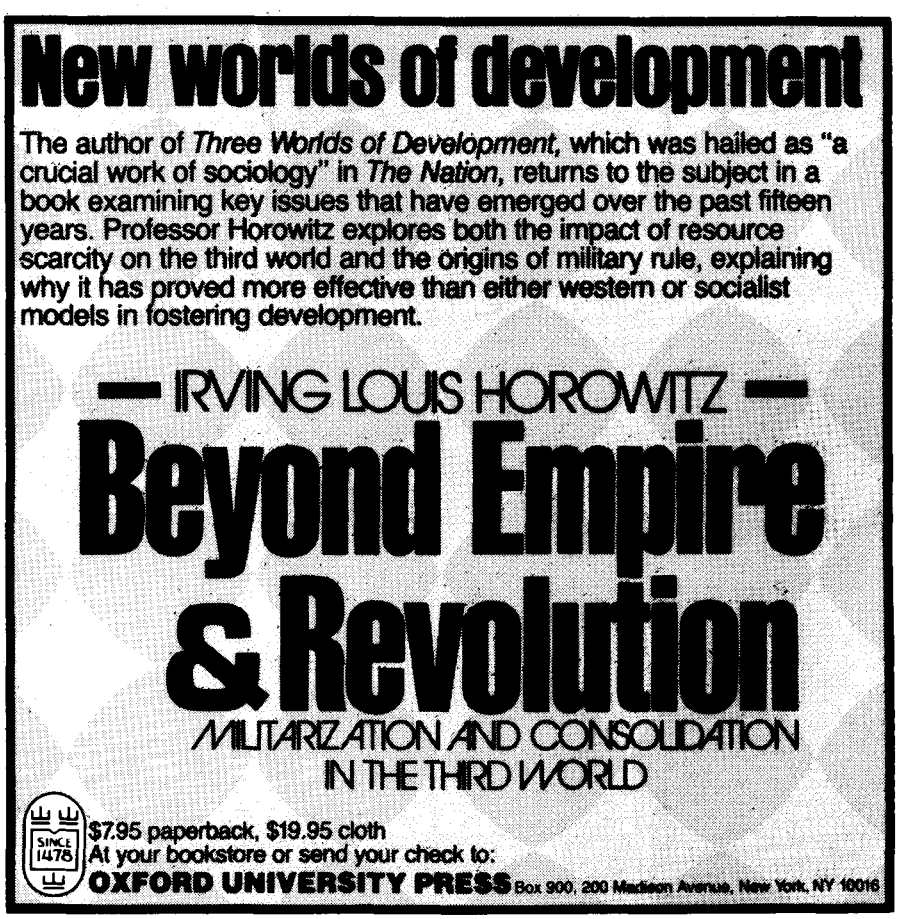
WHILE William B. Quandt, a former member of the National Security Council staff responsible for Middle Eastern affairs and now a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, is more modest in his ambitions than Holden and Johns, he is also more successful in achieving them. His short book is sober, thoughtful, and reasonably balanced, if a little too bland, as though it had been put through the Washington blender once too often. Quandt is concerned less with the history and internal affairs of Saudi Arabia than he is with the dilemmas that face the House of Saud as it edges its way warily into the 1980s. He expresses not only considerable sympathy for the regime but also some sensible opinions about the difficulties with which it has to contend, many of which are of its own making.

To start with, he observes, it is a regime "whose legitimacy cannot be taken for granted," a fact that makes it vulnerable to both internal and external pressures. "The Saudis may be rich, but few of their immediate neighbors hold them in high regard." For this and other reasons Quandt expresses well-merited skepticism about the value of the Gulf Co-operation Council, recently created under Saudi auspices. He rightly identifies North Yemen, with its larger population, lower living standards, and turbulent mountain tribesmen, as the neighbor which arouses the most apprehension in Riyadh—although, as he adds, "the Saudis seem to display a patronizing and sometimes contemptuous attitude that has done little to win the hearts and minds of Yemenis." A similar inconsistency marks Saudi Arabia's conduct in the sphere of international relations generally. At the Islamic conference in Pakistan early in 1980 Saudi Arabia joined with other Muslim states in condemning the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The Saudis have also been trying for some time past, as Quandt reminds us, to persuade Western and other governments to remove their embassies from Jerusalem. Yet the Saudi government itself did not see fit to withdraw its own embassy from Soviet-occupied Kabul until as late as April 1981.

Because so many of Quandt's observations on other matters are clear-sighted and judicious, it is regrettable to find him adhering to the same line as Johns about Saudi "moderation" over oil production and prices, even to the point of repeating the old chestnut about the Saudis "doing the West favors" by maintaining high levels of production and "striving" to keep prices down—or at least below those charged by the rest of OPEC. (On the other hand, it is refreshing to see that in one place he comes close to calling Yamani a liar.) Too many of Quandt's arguments and assertions run contrary to the facts. His determination to interpret and present Saudi Arabia's actions in the most sympathetic light possible leads him to offer such improbable explanations as the following:

> The Saudis have often argued that oil supplies from the Gulf cannot be taken for granted by the West. Reliable oil supplies, they have maintained, require a certain type of political and security environment in the region and an adequate pricing formula. They have pointed to reduced consumption in the West as the key to moderate oil prices.

A little levity is surely in order here. Oil consumption in the West *has* declined dramatically since 1979, yet Saudi Arabia in the same period has raised the price of her oil from $14.34 to $34 a barrel. Is this an illustration of what Quandt elsewhere calls "the principled stands" taken by Saudi Arabia over oil? Or perhaps by "principled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stands" he means to refer to the practice introduced by Yamani in 1979 of backdating Saudi price increases by a couple of months or so? The same faulty reasoning, or excess of sympathy, can be seen at work, unfortunately, on nearly every page of Quandt's sections on oil.

The truth of the matter is that the Saudis did not lift a finger to prevent prices from rising in 1980 or 1981. On the contrary, they had a more than normal interest in keeping them as high as possible so as to enable them to subsidize the Iraqi war effort. Along with their brethren in OPEC, they actually raised prices in 1980-1981—by $8 a barrel. If prices began to fall in 1981, it was not due to the Saudis but to the operation of market forces. What we are witnessing now is the acid test (the "litmus test," if you will) of all of Yamani's garrulous promises about price reductions, as well as his gasconade about Saudi Arabia's making do with smaller oil revenues. With OPEC's production one-third below what it was two years ago, something clearly has to give—either production or prices. What is Saudi Arabia's solution to this dilemma? Well, at the time of writing she is being dragged, kicking and screaming, to the OPEC conference table, vociferously protesting that high prices are sacred even if it means reducing production to sustain them. The spectacle hardly accords with the fairy tales with which Yamani and his Western apologists have been beguiling us for years.

One further flaw mars Quandt's otherwise useful survey, and this is his apparent conviction of the centrality of the Palestinian issue to the politics of the Middle East, or at least to the question of the security of Western interests in the region. Although it is understandable that Western journalists covering the Middle East might think it in their interest to pander to the prejudices of the governments of the Arab oil states by harping upon the overriding importance of the Palestinian problem (after all, if for no other reason, they need for professional purposes to be admitted to these countries), it is much less clear why a scholar like Quandt, working in an independent research institution in Washington, should bother giving a second thought to so demonstrable a fallacy. All he has to do is to cast his mind back over the upheavals which have racked the Arab world for the past few decades, or to look about him at the bizarre alignments that currently adorn the Arab landscape, to conclude that the Palestinian issue is incidental to the chronic distemper which afflicts the Arab body politic.

These reservations apart, there can be no quarrel with Quandt's conclusion that the present American strategy for the defense of the Persian Gulf region places far too heavy a burden upon Saudi Arabia's shoulders. In practically every respect, except that of geographical location, the country is simply incapable of playing the role devised or imagined for it in Washington as a shield against Soviet expansion. That such a desperate and forlorn expedient as enlisting the House of Saud should ever have been resorted to merely underlines the futility of current American policy in the Middle East.

J. B. KELLY

J.B. Kelly is the author of *Arabia, the Gulf and the West* (Basic Books).

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ANATOMY OF MADNESS

Is There No Place on Earth for Me? by Susan Sheehan

(Houghton Mifflin, 320 pp., $14.95)

If only Ken Kesey had met Sylvia Frumpkin before he took his fanciful flight over the cuckoo's nest. Or Peter Shaffer had talked to her before he littered the Broadway stage with his horse manure (or R. D. Laing would talk to her soon—as soon as possible), a confused and unsuspecting public would have been spared a lot of mischievous information.

The intractability of schizophrenia forces us to confront our impotence and ignorance, a difficult thing for a technologically arrogant society to do. Defeat humiliates us, so we find means to deny the reality. One peculiar form of denial is to romanticize the disease. It is not a disease at all, it is only so labeled. It is a blessing, an inspiration, a poetic vision, a state of refinement or elegance, a supersensitivity, and as such a threat and an affront to the mundane and the bourgeois.

Another favored method of avoiding the despair of our helplessness in the face of the awful and unchangeable is to assume that it *is* changeable, if only those institutions in which we vest our knowledge and our powers would fulfill their duties properly. In other words, either schizophrenia is not an illness at all, or, if it is, it resists our efforts at treatment because of the venality or ineptitude of our technocrats.

Susan Sheehan knows better, and in her remarkable book, *Is There No Place on Earth for Me?*, has the honesty and the sensitivity to avoid both sorts of denial. In this brilliantly documented, if overly detailed, chronicle of a young woman's long struggle with schizophrenia, she presents a detailed picture of one Sylvia Frumkin, a pseudonym for a young girl who has spent the past seventeen years, since the age of fifteen, in and out of Creedmoor State Hospital, attempting to control the onslaught of her disease. Sylvia Frumkin is not a "lovable eccentric." She is not even very likable. But she will break your heart.

Schizophrenia is still an essentially incurable, though treatable, disease that is difficult to characterize in theoretical terms because of the diversity of its forms. It is best understood by extrapolation from a specific case. Sylvia Frumkin's is a case history of the highest order—and while she is brighter,

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more intelligent, more outrageous than the typical patient, she illuminates the essential tragedy of the typical schizophrenic's existence. Schizophrenia is the cancer of mental illness, although, as Sylvia says, "mental illness is worse than cancer. The suffering doesn't have an end point."

It is easy to be "amused" by Sylvia. She can sound like Lenny Bruce. Her monologues manage, however, to express the internal agony that was only implicit in Bruce's performances, and the audience she addresses is always herself:

> Mick Jagger wants to marry me, I don't have to covet Geraldo Rivera. Mick Jagger is Saint Nicholas and the Maharishi is Santa Claus. . . . Teddy Kennedy cured me of my ugliness. I'm pregnant with the Son of God. I'm going to marry David Berkowitz and get it over with. Creedmoor is the headquarters of the American Nazi Party. They're eating the patients here. Archie Bunker wants me to play his niece on his TV show. . . . I'm Joan of Arc. I'm Florence Nightengale. . . . Divorce isn't a piece of paper, it's a feeling. Forget about zip codes. I need shock treatments. The body is run by electricity. My wiring is all faulty. A fly is a teenage wasp. . . . Israel is the promised land, but New Jersey is heaven.

ONE-THIRD of all schizophrenics will have an attack, go into remission, and then lead an essentially integrated existence; one-third will never recover from their first attack; one-third will recover only to have future relapses. Even with the remarkable breakthroughs in psychopharmacology, the picture is fairly constant. The newer drugs can control and mitigate the symptoms—something one must not minimize—but will not effectively change the cure rate. Sylvia has been involved in a continuous battle of ever briefer remissions and ever more severe relapses.

Susan Sheehan, with extraordinary explicitness, takes us through each hospitalization, from Sylvia's first at age fifteen-and-a-half until her tenth in 1980, when this book was finished. The central institution is Creedmoor, not one of the ornaments of the New York State mental health system. What happens at Creedmoor is often infuriating: wrong medications wrongly administered, insensitivity, bureaucratic mess and meanness. It is the kind of institution that has contributed to the recent crusade for "deinstitutionalization"

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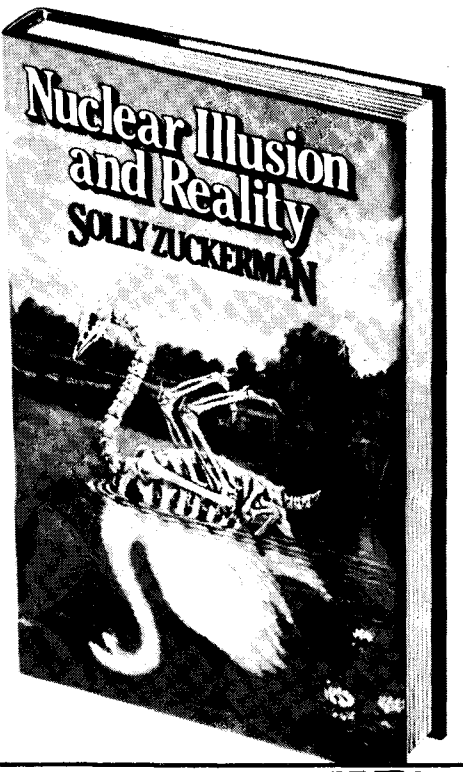

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with its simplistic assumption that if only there were no institutions there would be no mental disease. Sylvia herself knows better. On reading in a Creedmoor form that their "philosophy of treatment" is that "the individual with a problem is best served in his own environment," she responds, "I'm against polluting the environment, always have been."

In that one sentence she answered one of the more fashionable movements of our time, sponsored by a leading legal light who felt that the presence of psychotics in the general population would add a touch of heterogeneity which would enrich the social fabric. One presumes the increasing number of bag ladies scrounging dinners out of garbage pails in the streets of New York represents that enrichment.

Considering the misery in most large public institutions, deinstitutionalization is a worthy movement. Still, some mental hospitals will always be necessary. For a substantial percentage of the hospitalized, the walls that keep them in also keep the world out and protect them from destroying themselves. If you were to visit Creedmoor and encounter Albert Rosenthal, heavily medicated, living in a seven-foot by nine-foot room containing only a bed and a commode, spending most of the day sitting on the floor silently rocking back and forth, you would have the right to rail at the institution. But you ought to know that Albert Rosenthal, in his severe retardation, has to be kept in a glass-free environment, for he uses every opportunity to lacerate himself, and once, when released to a dining room, managed to severely mutilate himself with a broken glass salt shaker. During one phase, when de-medication was the fad, Albert's medication was also lowered. He promptly pulled out all his fingernails and toenails. Albert's mother, a charter member of the maligned-mother contingency, takes her child home every weekend, and spends the entire time protecting him from exposure to glass. When members of the staff begged Mrs. Rosenthal to spend more time on her own life, she answered, "You don't seem to understand. This is my life."

Institutions can be bad, and bad things happened to Sylvia in Creedmoor. Sylvia Frumkin was seen as an arrogant and difficult patient, and she offended and embarrassed Creedmoor by her frequent escapes. During one of her hospitalizations the doctor in charge of her building allowed the use of a straitjacket "for safety of self and others." Evelyn Deacon, an attendant who disliked Sylvia, was only too delighted to carry out the orders. She not only put Sylvia into a straitjacket; she tied a sheet around her shoulders and bound her, in the straitjacket, to the bed, where she spent most of September and the first part of October. No visitors were allowed.

But Sylvia gave as nastily as she got.

> [She] hit one therapy aide in the head with a book, bit another on the hand, and threw water at a third. She slapped an aide in the face. . . . She broke another aide's eyeglasses. She spit in several employees' faces, she pulled the hair of therapy aides and practical nurses, and she pushed a treatment team leader across the floor of the ward. She hit or threw shoes at attendants, dining room employees and cleaners, and she threw chairs at visitors. . . . She disrobed . . . she applied esoteric make-up; she also ate lipstick and said it was candy. She refused medications and she called black therapy aides 'Nigger bitches.'

Sylvia did not get the best of institutionalization, but even with the best medical attention Sylvia, or another Sylvia, might not have done much better.

Sylvia was admitted to better hospitals. Hillside was a model of what a decent, community-oriented hospital ought to be. But for Sylvia, Hillside was as bad as Creedmoor—or Creedmoor was as good as Hillside. I have met the enemy and it is not always us—the doctors, the nurses, the attendants. It is often simply our impotence in the face of the disease. This is not to say that we must not improve our institutions, nor to deny that in better institutions better care is received. It is simply to point out that some things are beyond our current state of knowledge, and it is those that affront our sensibilities.

EVEN THE BAD treatment Sylvia received was not of a conspiratorial nature. During the period of her hospitalization a flurry of knowledge was evolving about the use of antipsychotic drugs. The proper method of usage, the distinctions between the drugs, and the potentially serious side effects were all

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being tested. With the random and ad hoc empiricism inevitable in the early testing of drugs for chronic, long-range conditions, new drugs are often used badly, insufficiently, or excessively. The expert that Susan Sheehan uses as her authority (who, by the very nature of his recommendations to her, is almost surely identifiable to most psychiatrists in the New York area) is an expert only in the sense of having more sophisticated biases than some of his colleagues. There is simply no consensus yet as to proper dosage, or even the value of drugs versus shock treatment, in many of the more severe conditions of psychiatry.

ONE OF Susan Sheehan's most creditable achievements is to delineate carefully the tension between the schizophrenic and her family. My God, how easy it is to dump guilt on the families of the mentally ill! These poor, overburdened individuals generate sufficient guilt of their own without self-satisfied outsiders patronizingly pointing fingers at them.

The Frumkins often heap indignity and humiliation on Sylvia, but it is also they who share the burden of her pains. At one point they tell her of a friend whose mentally ill daughter has finally committed suicide after many aborted attempts. Mrs. Frumkin completes the narration by saying, "I saw them a while ago, and they looked so gorgeous. It's no wonder. The cause of all the trouble was removed." Sylvia, reaching for her fourth serving of meat, potatoes, bread, and gravy, says, "Ma, are you trying to tell me something?"

On the other hand, how many mothers are greeted on their seventy-first birthday with a daughter who says to them, "You're my mother, and I'm supposed to love you . . . but I hate you. I hope you don't have another birthday." When Mrs. Frumpkin responds, "I wish I were dead," Sylvia answers, "So drop dead, and jump into your grave. You're getting senile anyway. You've lived long enough. Go ahead and die and let me live my own life." Mrs. Frumkin says, "I wish I could die, so I could get away from you and your big mouth. Thank you for a lovely birthday."

In the end, anger at Mrs. Frumkin is dissipated by compassion, as you share her despair. You see her in the middle of the night, a seventy-two-year-old woman, running after Sylvia in one of her crazier moments, begging, "Please

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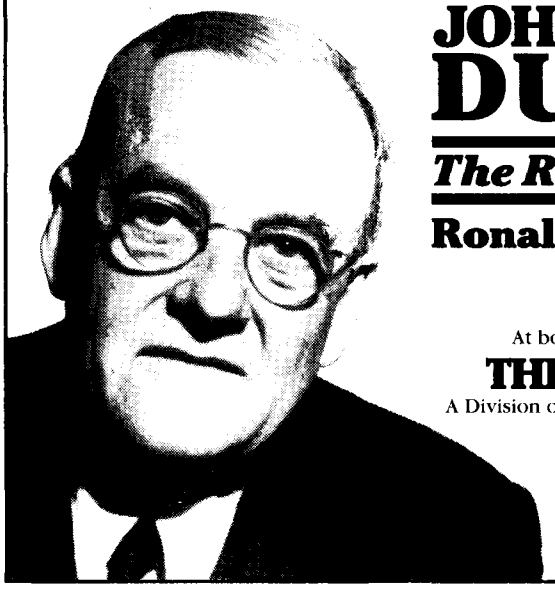

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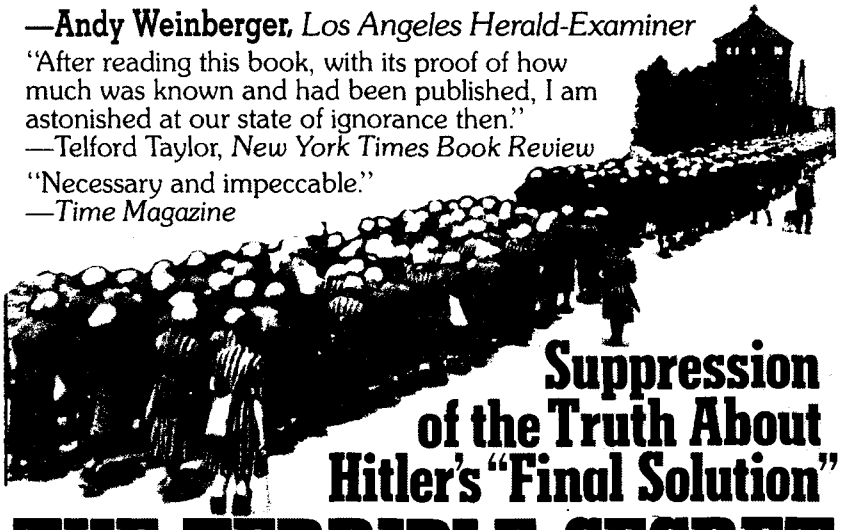

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don't make me chase after you"; finally falling on the pavement exhausted after running for blocks; unable to get up; pleading with Sylvia, "Sylvia, please help me." Only to hear Sylvia answer by screaming at her to go home and "let Jesus help you."

We do not know to what extent family pressures contribute to the outbreak of schizophrenia. We do, however, suspect there is a strong genetic component. Sylvia, from her earliest day, was a strange and "unattractive" child, shunned by her peers and disliked by teachers. We assume that there is a balance of genetic predisposition and environmental influence, with a chemical dysfunction that is probably a product of the interplay between the two. We attempt empirically to treat the illness at whatever intervention point is available. We cannot change genes, so we manipulate the environment, and, now that we are capable, adjust the chemistry. And still we stumble.

To romanticize an illness as severe as schizophrenia is a sin against the sufferer. To minimize it by assuming that kindness and proper care are enough is to trivialize the problem. Susan Sheehan does neither. She honestly and directly indicates, with infinite detail and patience, the anguish and the agony that mental illness always wreaks on its victim, and on all those in contact with her, particularly those who love her.

Susan Sheehan is a master of the *New Yorker* style. It is a written version of what in movies would be called cinema verité. Reading her book is not unlike viewing *Titticutt Follies*. But while she is a master of the style, she is also its slave. We do not need to identify every gravy stain on Sylvia's dress; we grow numb from the details. They test our patience. We must often push through the scenery to locate the drama.

Susan Sheehan is such an intelligent and sensitive writer that one would hope she will one day free herself from her identity as a *New Yorker* reporter. She occasionally does, but then, almost apologetically, she retreats, as though she were not entitled to the luxury of metaphor and mystery. What is missing is a touch of the poet; what is wanted is some elision.

But it is ungracious to speculate on what Ms. Sheehan might someday offer us in the presence of the product at hand. It is only the reader's intuited sense of yet untapped resources within this author that makes us impatient for more. For now we must be grateful for the honesty, the intelligence, and the integrity embodied in *Is There No Place on Earth for Me?*

WILLARD GAYLIN

Willard Gaylin, M.D., a practicing psychoanalyst, is president of the Hastings Center and professor of psychiatry at Columbia University Medical School. His latest book, *The Killing of Bonnie Garland: A Question of Justice*, will be published this month by Simon and Schuster.

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(Harvard University Press, 240 pp., $19.50)

Daniel Bell once claimed that "there are, logically speaking, three dimensions of equality: equality of condition, equality of means, and equality of outcomes." Douglas Rae and his co-authors tell us that these dimensions "hardly cut at the joints of structure," and go on to remark that "one might almost as well claim . . . that living things are all coconuts, animals, or professors of sociology." This quotation illustrates three things about the book. One is the sprightly writing, which helps to get the reader through the more arid patches where Mr. J and Ms. K do nothing more exciting than divide up a cake in various ways. Another is the theme that "to boil things as complex as equality down to two or three headings is inevitably too far from the truth to serve even as a sensible approximation." And the third is an indication of the kind of thing the authors believe is needed: an analysis that will "cut at the joints of the structure" or that, in a less carnivorous metaphor that they use throughout, will offer a "structural grammar of equality."

The expression "structural grammar" makes it sound as if the book is going to be heavily influenced by last year's Paris fashions. But in fact, although the expression itself is a bit pretentious, what the authors mean by it can be explained fairly simply. According to them, equality would be a simple idea only in a society of identical, undifferentiated people with identical tastes, in which all things could be divided indefinitely without loss of aggregate value, and in which the only distinction drawn in relation to equality was between equal and unequal distributions, rather than between more and less equal distributions. Because actual societies are complex in all these ways, the basic idea of equality has to be adapted for application. "A 'grammar' of equality is a way in which such judgments form coherent patterns of similarity and difference, consistency and contradiction."

More concretely, the authors claim that there are five aspects of equality that must be specified in any statement about equal distribution: (1) its subject—whom it refers to; (2) its domain—what it covers; (3) its application—direct or mediated through the distribution of opportunities to get it; (4) its conception of what constitutes equal shares—equal lots or equal value; and (5) whether equality is considered to be an absolute or a relative term. Thus "equality splits itself into many distinct notions, each an element in its gram-

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mar." The "grammar" of equality is, then, a set of dichotomies or trichotomies that can (and must) be imposed on the application of the idea of equality to an actual society.

A QUESTION that might reasonably be asked at this point is: why does it matter? One answer is, of course, that it is better to be clear about things than to be confused, and that failure to make these distinctions will inevitably render our thinking about equality incoherent. This is certainly an answer that the authors want to give, but it is not their main one. The complexity of the concept of equality is, they wish to maintain, of enormous political significance. According to them, it is precisely this complexity that explains why the tide of equality has failed to sweep across the U.S., as, for example, Alexis de Tocqueville predicted it would when almost a century and a half ago he wrote *Democracy in America.* (The first chapter, which states this theme, is entitled "Tocqueville's Dread.") There can be no such tide of equality because equality is not a simple idea. Its force is dissipated by the way in which it subdivides once it has to be applied in a real society.

I shall take up this explanatory thesis below. Before doing so, however, let me follow through the authors' analysis of equality a little further. Just how complex is the concept of equality? How many kinds of equality are there? In place of Bell's three, the authors of *Equalities* offer us a bare minimum of one hundred and eight kinds of "structurally distinct interpretations of equality." This figure is arrived at by simple combinatorics: three possible subjects can be combined in any way with three possible domains (making nine possible combinations of the two categories), and so on. The authors go on to tell us that if we throw in further distinctions that they have made in the course of the book we can "quickly push the total to four or perhaps five digits."

These calculations are introduced with the engaging remark that "two rabbits can populate a vast continent in a few years, and a small squadron of English sparrows did indeed so populate North America within a single decade." And, they ask, "should it be a surprise that five splittings of equality yield a vast array of meanings of that idea?" Perhaps not. But, reflecting on the analogy, one is bound to ask whether proliferation is an unmixed blessing. If divisions of equality breed like rabbits in Australia, maybe we ought to shoot a few before they get out of hand.

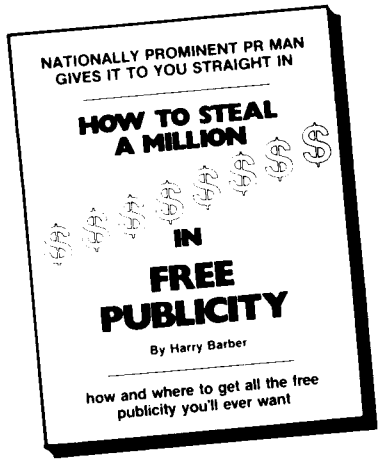
Consider the third and fifth of their five categories. The third concerns the concept of equality of opportunity, and here the authors distinguish between prospect-regarding and means-regarding concepts. These are defined as follows:

1. *Prospect-regarding equal opportunity.* Two persons, j and k, have equal opportunities for x if each has the same probability of attaining x.

2. *Means-regarding equal opportunity.* Two persons, j and k, have equal opportunities for x if each has the same instruments for attaining x.

Now in my view there simply is no such concept as prospect-regarding equality, and any idea that there can be is based on confusion. If I say that I have the opportunity to go to the movies this evening, that means that I can go if I choose to. It is quite compatible with there being a zero probability of my in fact going. Opportunity is in the nature of the case about means rather than prospects, when prospects are understood in probabilistic terms. We might use unequal probabilities as an indicator of unequal opportunities *if* we assumed identical tastes, but, as the authors quite rightly say, this is an absurd assumption. Of course, if we want to talk about equal opportunities for newborns (or zygotes), there are no differentiated tastes in existence. But then equal opportunity would have to entail the creation of identical tastes, which is hardly a reasonable or attractive goal. The whole idea of equality is a mess—probably the term should be scrapped except in highly specific contexts—but the authors' analysis does not help to clear things up.

THE FIFTH category concerns the distinctions between absolute and relative equality. Now I do not know who holds or has ever held the view that there are no degrees of inequality. Leaving aside any question of adaptations of the notion of equality to fit social and political life, we should observe that even mathematicians, who dwell in the "pure heaven of concepts," have a common symbol to indicate that two sides of an equation are *approximately* equal! So the absolute/relative distinction is a red herring. What the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chapter on "relative equality" actually does is show that there are often no clear-cut, unique criteria for saying that of two unequal distributions one is more equal than another. This is true (and familiar) but has nothing to do with the absolute/relative dichotomy that figures in the authors' structural grammar of equality.

The authors suggest that any society necessarily generates the number of distinctions that they posit because of its internal complexities. Further, they maintain that each of their categories corresponds to a way in which actual societies depart from the simple, undifferentiated model in which the application of the concept of equality would be straightforward. I find this claim less than convincing. Let me illustrate with the same two categories. The fifth one, which involves the absolute/relative distinction, really does not fit into the formula at all. It is dragged in only by the claim that the social complexity here is in the way people *think about* equality. But presumably that could be said of any conceptual distinction.

NOW CONSIDER the third category. The necessity of introducing the notion of equal opportunity, as against equal distribution of stuff, is said to arise from two things. One is "lumpiness," the fact that not all good things can be subdivided without losing their value; the other is the fact that things are allocated over time rather than once and for all. Neither characteristic, however, entails the importation of the notion of equal opportunity instead of equal distribution. Obviously, the fact of allocation over time does not: we simply replace equal stocks by equal flows. And lumpiness is either no problem or a problem to which equality of opportunity is no solution.

Let me explain. In general, lumpiness is no problem: it is quite correct that two half-pairs of trousers are worth less than one whole pair, and it is hard to know what use one could make of, say, half a refrigerator. But we solve that by distributing income and letting people buy whole items. If incomes were equal, people would have an equal claim on society's productive resources. So for marketable goods, lumpiness is no problem and there is no reason for moving from equal allocation to equal opportunity. Where problems do arise is in the case of so-called public goods: things that we all consume whether we like them or not and however much we think they are worth, like B-1 bombers and MX missiles. But here the choice is between a theoretical solution that is impractical, namely having each person pay whatever he or she believes the society's public goods are worth, and admitting that there is no way of avoiding some people being more pleased with the tax/spending outcome than others. Equal opportunity is no help. The only way in which we can deploy it in this context is to say that political institutions may give everyone an equal opportunity to influence the outcome; but, even if this could be made true (not in this world!) that would not change the fact that the outcomes will still have an unequal impact.

The closing words of the book run as follows:

> Intellect resists equality by counterposing rival ideas such as efficiency, freedom, and order. Actuality is smarter, for it chooses the one idea that is more powerful than order or efficiency or freedom in resisting equality. That idea is, of course, equality itself.

Equality, according to the first chapter, is the dominant idea of our time, and perhaps especially in the U.S. Why then do we observe no sweeping move toward equality? The answer offered is, as I mentioned above, that the fragmentation of the notion of equality sets equality against itself. I doubt, however, that the fact to be explained is really a fact; and I see no reason for accepting the claim that there is anything incoherent or incomplete in saying, for example, that one is in favor of more equality or that Ronald Reagan and David Stockman want (and are in the process of achieving) greater inequality in the U.S.

TO SUBSTANTIATE the first point would take me far afield. I shall confine myself to saying that the authors have Tocqueville dead wrong. He claimed that in the 1830s "men [in America] are nearer equality in wealth and in mental endowments . . . than in any other country of the world or in any other age of recorded history." His concern was to work out the consequences in the rest of social and political life of that (relative) equality, and he attributed to it (wrongly, as John Stuart Mill percipiently guessed) the peculiar American impatience with authority in all its forms: parental, political, religious, or based on any claims to cultural, intellectual, or social superiority. He made no prediction that equality of conditions would increase, or, indeed, that any movement to increase it would arise. Nor has one.

As Tocqueville predicted, the franchise has become universal and legal equality has been formally achieved. And the odd combination of impatience with authority and popular authoritarianism that Tocqueville identified still exists, as the Moral Majority attests. But the notion that it is the job of the state to transfer money from the rich to the poor so as to increase economic equality has never gained much legitimacy. Hence, among other things, the lack of an effective political response to Reaganomics.

BY FAILING to notice that not all uses of the word "equality" are egalitarian, the authors of *Equalities* manage to produce the illusion that public policies are normally argued about in terms of different conceptions of equality. Thus, one of their varieties of equality is what they call "segmental equality," defined as "a claim of equality for two or more classes of equals, equality being required within each class and not between classes." But segmental equality (e.g., all blacks shall be slaves and all whites shall be free) is, in any natural sense of the term, a prescription for inequality. Similarly, the world "equal" occurs in the formula "equal treatment for equals." But if what makes people equal for the purpose of the formula is birth or merit, then this is a formula for generating inequality. The authors admit that this notion of proportional equality "is not normally conceived of as egalitarianism" but fail to follow up this correct observation by asking the obvious question: which, out of all possible uses of the word "equal," are egalitarian?

If they had done this, their view of political debate as setting one conception of equality against another would have disappeared. Instead, they would have seen that the *word* "equality" crops up in a lot of political contexts, but that only some of the uses are egalitarian. Most commonly, the word forms a part of the articulation of a different principle, that of fairness or justice. Any principle of distribution will entail as a trivial corollary that those similar in the respects specified by the principle should be treated equally. But that does not make any such principle automatically an egalitarian one.

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Egalitarianism is, in spite of all the complications introduced in this book, a rather simple idea. It says that there is something wrong with a society in which there are systematic differences in the quality of housing, schooling, medical care, diet, physical security, access to legal protection, and other almost universally desired things. The principle of equality does not carry on its face any indication of the reasons for thinking such a state of affairs is bad. And in fact there are a lot of independent reasons for saying so. Some egalitarians may emphasize that these things do more good if they are equally distributed: in Bacon's words, "money is like muck, not good except it be spread." Others will argue from some conception of justice: that the differences between people do not support any claim to an unequal distribution of resources. Others will argue that a more equal society will be more politically stable, and less liable to forcible redistribution carried out by private means. Yet others will argue (and Tawney is the best known here) that it is a necessary condition of fellowship that there be some reasonable similarity of circumstances among people. The point is that all of these converge on a call for more equality, and it is a perfectly comprehensible demand without any further qualification.

BRIAN BARRY

Brian Barry is a Distinguished Service Professor in the departments of political science and philosophy at the University of Chicago. He is the author of *The Liberal Theory of Justice* (Oxford University Press).

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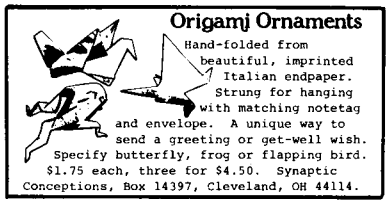
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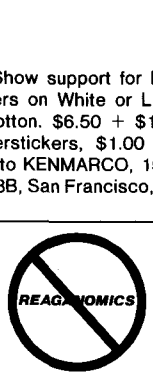

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CHICAGO DIARIST

The Deep Tunnel

ALBERT CORDE, the protagonist of Saul Bellow's *The Dean's December,* sees Chicago as a sinkhole, a barbarous, lawless creation of the postindustrial age. The novel is set in two cities, Chicago and Bucharest, and on the whole Bucharest comes off somewhat better. In a stunning metaphor of decay—the Deep Tunnel, which runs underneath the city—Bellow makes it clear just what he thinks of the Second City. The Deep Tunnel is a sewage project; according to him, Chicago literally rests on human waste. Bellow once said in an interview that he has a "love/hate" relationship with the city, and this is not surprising. Many American writers have used Chicago as a symbol of America, and as a description of how these writers view their native country, love/hate is as good as any. In *An American Tragedy,* it is Chicago where Clyde Griffiths first makes his appearance as a small boy, and in *Sister Carrie,* Chicago is as alluring as Sodom. Its joys are unparalleled but unwholesome, its evils incomparable. "City on the make," Nelson Algren called it, conjuring up the familiar image of the American hustler willing to do anything for a buck. In twentieth-century American literature, Chicago is a combination of the prairie and the big city, with the worst of both and little of the best of either.

I HAVE LIVED in Chicago for four years now, and I am still mystified by its reputation. For Bellow, our most rigorously realistic novelist, as for his predecessors, Chicago is more an idea than a place. *The Dean's December* is a distillation not only of America but of the West as well. What few realize about the city is its size: it stretches 25 miles north to south, and 10 miles east to west. Because of this, what animation Chicago has tends to be diffused. In no way does this city pulse and teem as it does in its fiction. Some neighborhoods, notably the Polish and Hispanic ones, are alive with neon and children, but they are isolated pockets of energy in a large, calm lake. Even on the South Side, where I live, the ghetto is surprisingly sedate. After the riots following Martin Luther King's death, when little was left to burn but warehouses, people here returned to lives of sullen misery.

BUT ALTHOUGH THE CITY itself is sedentary, its politics are turbulent. Whatever one may have thought of the late Mayor Daley, he kept the politics quiet and simple. A smoothly running machine, after all, only needs grease and a tune-up every now and then. But since Daley's death the machine has been overheating. His handpicked successor, Michael Bilandic, was mayor for a few years, but after the winter of 1978, when 120 inches of snow fell and little was done to shovel out, he was unceremoniously swept from office. It is clear that Daley erred in his choice. Bilandic is handsome, smooth, soft-spoken, and married to a beautiful woman. He is more a Lindsay than a Daley, and the machine rejected him. The machine looked here and there and found Jane Byrne, a fellow cog since 1959. Byrne is a powerful and energetic woman, and it was thought that she could rebuild the mechanism that Bilandic was too incompetent to repair after the demise of its chief technician.

NEW YORK LOVES Ed Koch; Chicago, for its part, is positively intoxicated by Jane Byrne. Not a day goes by when the Mayor is not on the evening news or the front pages, dourly refusing to answer questions, or holding a press conference to announce her latest plan to save the collapsing mass transit system. Jane Byrne may be brusque and abrasive, but she is news, and she knows it. One day last winter, when temperatures hit 26 degrees below, "Eyewitness News" reported a human interest story about an old man living in a house without heat. "He won't come out," a worried neighbor told the firemen on the house's porch. The firemen banged on the door, checking to see if the man was still conscious. Suddenly the sea of men on the porch parted, and a diminutive figure came to the door. "Mr. Winston? Let me in. It's Mayor Byrne," said the lady in the pink coat. But the story ended there. We never got to see the firemen rescuing Mr. Winston; we were not told whether he was alive or dead. It was the Mayor's arrival on the scene that made it a story worth covering.

HOWEVER SHE STRIKES the Chicago populace, Jane Byrne is not Mayor Daley. She does not know how to keep the machine in line, and she is not doing a very good job. Chicago faces the same monumental problems as other cities its size, but, unlike Ed Koch or Dianne Feinstein, Byrne cannot even manage a brave front. She changes her mind on important matters three times a week. She cannot decide whether to pander to the mass transit workers or to set the Chicago populace against them. She has made grotesquely unsuccessful bids for the takeover of the state-directed mass transit system and for a self-serving redistricting plan which would make her not only Mayor but a Democratic Ward Committeeman. Once on the Ward Committee, she would inevitably have been made Chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party. She desperately tried to pull this off. Why? Because Daley himself was both Mayor and Chairman. In some real sense she is neither. The name Daley haunts Byrne in more ways than one. She seems terrified by the prospect of a challenge to her position in the 1983 Democratic primary by Richie Daley, the late Mayor's son. Since her election, she has unleashed a torrent of invective against young Daley, and has even gone so far as to support a Republican—horror of horrors in Cook County—for the post of attorney general, which Daley sought and finally won in 1980. She wishes to become old Richard Daley, but cannot avoid the young Richard Daley waiting in the wings; she is haunted. By now it must be apparent even to her that she is more of a shade than the Great Shade himself.

DALEY CALLED CHICAGO "the city that works." Saul Bellow sees Chicago as the American outpost of progress, a twisted Conradian manifestation of Western blight and disease. The truth lies somewhere in between. Chicago does not work very well anymore, and this beautiful city is in danger of being ground into the dirt by a political system that totters and trembles and spirals without direction. When Daley died, the city that worked went with him. The Deep Tunnel carries its refuse into the offices of City Hall.

JOHN PODHORETZ

John Podhoretz, a senior at the University of Chicago, has written for *Harper's,* the *American Spectator,* and the *Wall Street Journal.*

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In Defense of Quality

Considerations of the federal budget, when they get around to defense spending, tend to reignite the debate over quality versus quantity in military hardware.

Within the funding available for defense procurement, is the nation better off buying larger numbers of simpler aircraft, missiles, tanks, and ships? Or are national defense and security better served with fewer units of equipment that's more advanced technologically and provides greater performance and capability? Such equipment is necessarily more costly, for the same reason that a 10-speed bike costs more than a 3-speeder.

The advocates of quantity argue that sheer numbers count for more in combat than the quality of the hardware. The central flaw in this contention is that low-technology weaponry in many cases cannot do the job in our high-technology times.

Take fighter aircraft as an example. To be sure, there are combat arenas where large numbers of less advanced fighters could deliver better results than smaller numbers of more sophisticated and expensive planes. But the reality of aerial combat is that conditions are generally less than ideal. They are unlikely to be suited to the use of simpler planes. Wars aren't always fought from 8 to 5 with crystal skies.

What about nighttime operations? Adverse weather? The need to penetrate enemy defenses? In the face of such demands, the test of combat could not be met by planes that are blind in the dark or murk and are armed with visual-range missiles. What these missions require are high-performance aircraft equipped with electronics to see and sense things their crews cannot, and weapons that can find and destroy targets even when they're shrouded in darkness or clouds.

Similar failings apply to ground-based and seagoing equipment that's simpler in design and ability and hence less costly:

- tanks too lightly armored to stand up to the pounding of enemy fire;
- ships lacking electronic brains, eyes, and ears for long-range surveillance and strike;
- carriers incapable of launching powerful attack aircraft;
- submarines without the range and endurance provided by nuclear propulsion.

Austere weaponry certainly has a place in America's defense arsenal. But it cannot substitute, whatever its quantity, for equipment delivering the greater performance and versatility made possible by electronics and other advanced technologies.

The Soviets' military production is awesome. They spend 15% of their gross national product for military purposes, compared with 6% for the U.S. Last year they built five times as many fighters and fighter-bombers as the U.S., seven times as many armored personnel carriers, five times as many tanks, three times as many ICBMs.

At this time, there is no way the U.S. can match the Soviet Union in *quantity* of weaponry. Where we must excel is in *quality*. We must design and build into our equipment the highest useful quality and capability that technology can provide. (Even so, that shouldn't mean "gold-plating," or overdesigning to deliver unneeded performance at great cost.)

When American lives and security interests are at stake, second best isn't good enough.

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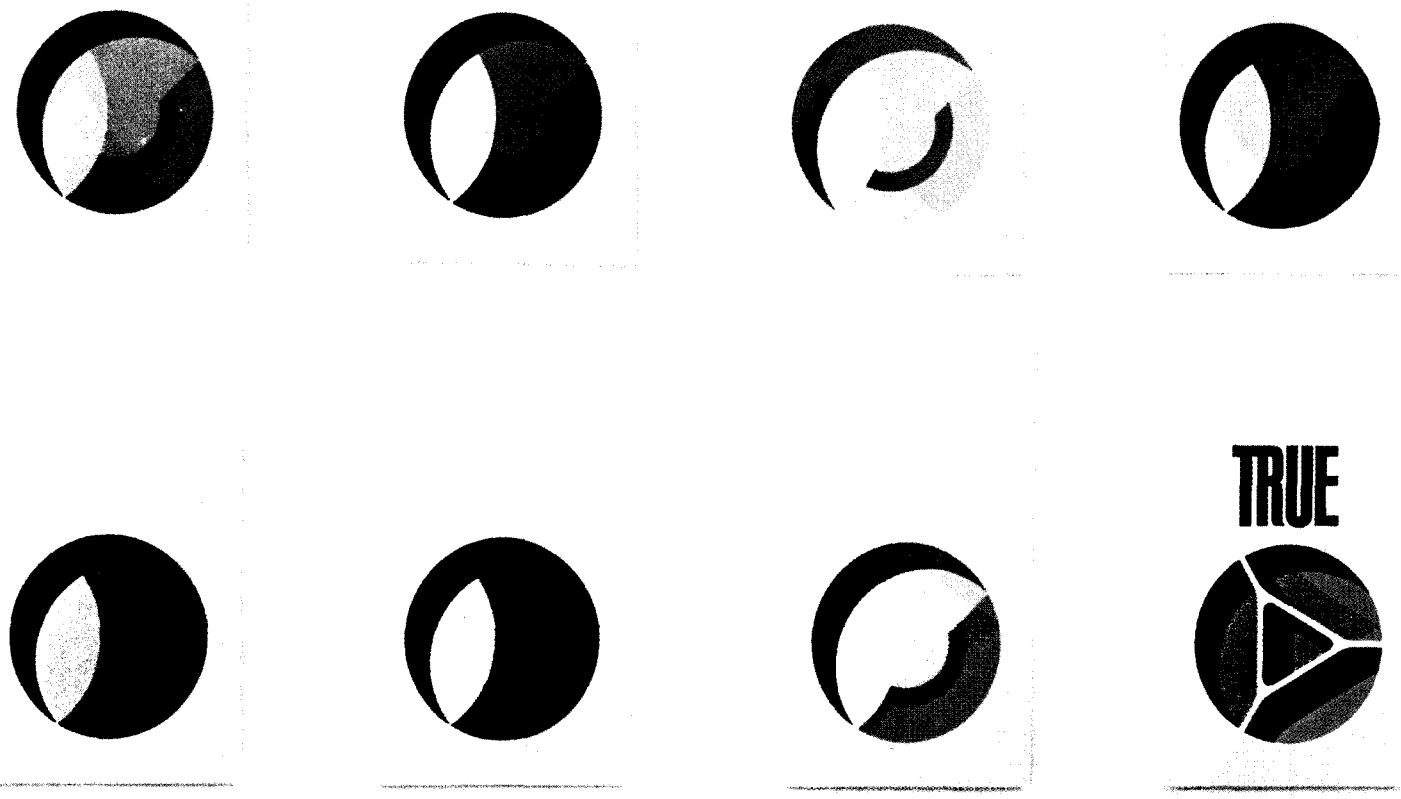

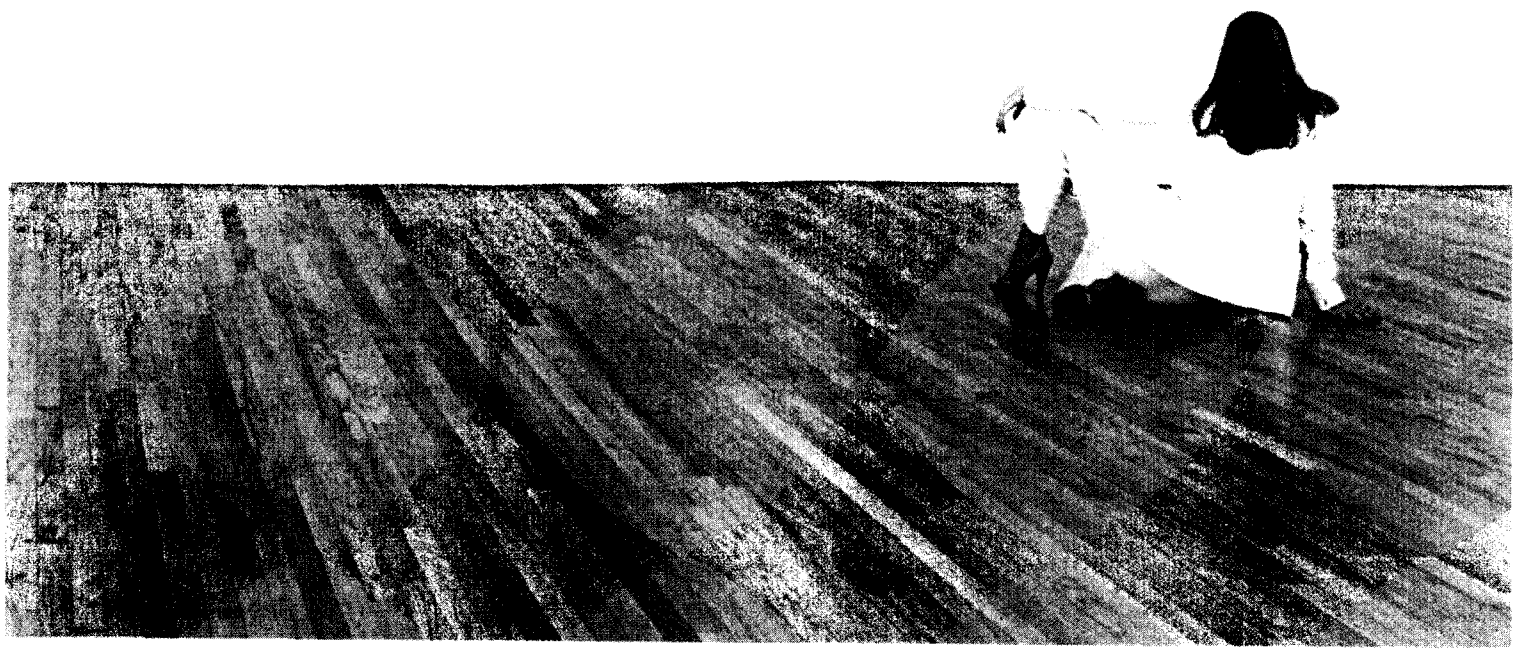

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